



# SABBATH IN THE CITY, AND HOME LYRICS

WASHINGTON FOLSOM SOMERBY





# Sabbath In The City, And Home Lyrics


Washington Folsom Somerby

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Sincerely Yours  
W. F. Lowieby

# SABBATH IN THE CITY

AND

**Home Lyrics.**

BY

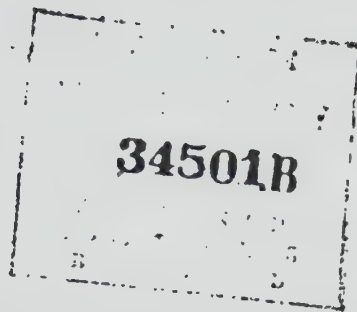
WASHINGTON FOLSOM SOMERBY.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THIS social collection of HOME LYRICS is before you by reason of many requests of warm personal friends, who will allow me to thank them for voluntarily giving their names, assuring me that I should be sustained in bringing before the public a little volume of collections from the Albums of highly-esteemed associates, the periodicals of home literature, and some unpublished manuscript. I have endeavored to keep within the bounds of humanity, hoping for your charity in exchange for frailty, as authors are seldom infallible, and often differ in opinion.

Sincerely yours,

W. FOLSOM SOMERBY.



# Dedication.

TO

MY BROTHER, SAMUEL SOMERBY,

WHOSE

EXCELLENT COUNSEL, ARDENT FRIENDSHIP, AND UNWAVERING

FIDELITY, ARE INEXHAUSTIBLE SOURCES OF CONSOLATION,

DESERVING A MORE ENDURING TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM

To His Memory,

THIS HUMBLE COLLECTION OF INTRODUCTORY POEMS,

IS MOST

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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# SABBATH IN THE CITY.

## LYRIC.

### I.

INSPIRING Genius of my native hills,  
To truthful strains attune my trembling lyre !  
New England échoes thrilling pilgrim-swells,  
Our Fathers' earnest action did inspire !  
Rang from the bosom-bluffs of Plymouth shore,  
And toned to pathos with Atlantic's roar ;  
Aroused the Sovereign Eagle of the land,  
To signalize the Banner of a band  
Of daring Heroes ! strong with human zeal,  
To stand triumphant in the New World's weal !

Sovereign Harp ! with heart-melodion tone,  
Indulge an humble son to génerous lay !  
So let my strain be plumed, that when flown,  
May hover o'er the Cross of Sabbath Day !  
Whate'er of motive guide my wooing pen,  
What bust of Reason hold to gaze of men,  
What shades of Duty in detail to paint,  
What lure the mind of profligate and saint,  
Howe'er the portraits' sketch, in lucid ray  
The lens proportion, to define the Day.

Protectress of my strain, blush not to sing,  
What day Mankind most fitly tribute pay  
To 'Him who rideth on the storm,' to bring  
Salvation, and how runs the Sabbath Day !  
In ancient Bethlehem's Manger, ages since,  
A Babe was born ! The Lamb ! The slaughtered Prince !  
At morn arose ! Time's great eventful Day !  
When rolled the stone by Angel hands away !  
The Marys asked, where is the Saviour ? Where ?  
Untombed ! He left the shroud and napkin there !

So aim to dot the notes in chords complete,  
That all the varied passages may tell  
Our feelings blending, as we daily meet,  
Our social tones in harmony may swell !  
If I shall pass some parents on the way,  
Or truant school-boys of the resting day,  
Or sporting cliques of roamers we might name,  
Who revels join, to spend the Day, profane,  
Or weave some chaplet for the pious clan,  
Indulge the strain I humbly sing of Man !



## LYRIC.

## II.

A SACRED stillness makes the morning sweet,  
Allures the Spirit to Devotion's shrine,  
Not to the altar Av'rice bends to meet  
His god, another than the true Divine,  
But where all truth-devoted pilgrims kneel,  
And earlier than high tower startling peal  
Of echoing bells, bold sentinels of sound,  
Awakes reposing silence, all around  
The princely splendors, massive granite ways,  
Impervious to morn's first Sabbath rays.

Softly the gilded sky of Summer breathes,  
As if the dew of Auburn sweets distilled,  
Or heav'nly bowers of Angels' fadeless wreaths  
With pure impulse the human heart have filled,  
Where kneels the Christian mother with her child,  
And gives her babe, an off'ring undefiled,  
And pleads with God to mould the pliant mind,  
The while the tender love, most fondly twined  
Within her arms, in hope and faith is given,  
Baptized in tears, looks trustingly to Heaven !

Half mute the feeble tongue of palsied age,  
With care-lined face and roughly scarred with toil,  
In broken words doth tremblingly engage —  
With agonizing thought gives up his spoil  
Of hard-earned wealth, sobs a repentant prayer,  
And weeps to be relieved from worldly care ;  
Him, hopeful, we behold in life's last stage,  
Its golden remnant now his thoughts engage,  
Worn thin with age, enervate, loves to nod,  
And seek forgiveness at the Throne of God !

Loved Day of Rest ! all rest from worldly care !  
'Tis fashioned most divinely for mankind !  
Thy sweet repose bids all the world prepare,  
To claim relief for body and for Mind ;  
Rest from all labor ! worship is sublime !  
Its high example is the eldest gift of Time !  
The setting Sun brings rest from each day's strife,  
And toiling pilgrims find it best for life ;  
Who will be wise will rest one day in seven,  
While rest from Earth gives time to think of Heaven.

The spires ne'er look so chaste with gilded art,  
Nor thoughts of pure devotion hold such sway,  
Nor so sublime the worship of the heart,  
As when to heaven we gaze, the Sabbath Day ;  
The dove coos sweeter nestling in the shade,  
By Roman dome and sculptured cornice made ;  
The restless swallows skimming in the sun,  
Within broad covings rest of Parthenon ;  
The granite looks more massive in the ray,  
And borrows grandeur of the hallowed Day.

A more inspiring smile all Nature wears,  
And Flora's cups more balmy fragrance yield,  
Their rosy lips a sweeter honey bears,  
To lure the storing bee through summer field ;  
The ocean lifts its watery hands to pray,  
As if 't were conscious of a resting day ;  
While man seems thoughtless, fashioned most supreme,  
Gives up his fancy to some darling dream,  
Or turns bewildered in some selfish way,  
And makes this blessing his best holiday.

On Boston's elm-lined parks and gentle swells,  
Where Common lawns tell what your wealth has done,  
Where dome of State looks down on verdant dells,  
And white-winged fountains fly to meet the Sun,  
Where park and spire shade in the ear-formed lake,  
Bland zephyrs kiss the rainbow water-flake,  
Where mimic craft, young mimic merchants sail,  
Apollo's harp the populace regale,  
There, lovers roam from morn till dewy night,  
To plot, romance, and dream of dear delight.

## LYRIC.

## III.

'THE Sabbath day ! and the thousand-tongued air  
'Of bell-hung voices chimes a solemn tone,  
'To call the shepherds' folds to worship, where  
'They view veiled tableaux of the great white Throne,  
'Their tuneful voices aid the organ-note ;  
And swelling cadences of anthem float  
Through sounding arches of devoted choirs,  
Reminding them on Earth of seraph lyres ;  
The seventh part of time to mortals given,  
To elevate their Souls with hope of Heaven.

Within the halls where Christians love to meet,  
O'er carpet aisles with velvet feet some go,  
Like Mammon-worshippers, with stoic greet,  
As if some gilded bribe they mourned to know,  
Distrustful of the promise kindly given,  
To guide them o'er Life's billow, wildly driven ;  
As each forced thought brings looks of proud despair,  
Beclouds their view around the shrine of prayer,  
When hope and love should wed in blest control,  
In humble union each Lamb-loving Soul.

True followers are of those sincere inclined,  
'No other gods to worship' but the True ;  
No matter what the frenzy of our mind,  
Or what electric fancy flasheth through ;  
No vain imaginations should control  
The priceless treasure — the immortal Soul !  
Lest some misname their sacrilege refined,  
Some mental optics sealed, to reason blind,  
Pray ask your conscience, since the truth is bold,  
And dash to dust, your idol gods of gold !



Whilome, devoutly credit humble minds  
Of True Religion ! gift of God supreme !  
With childlike guidance, holiness soon finds  
The way to hearts, once woke from Error's dream.  
Are they not few who climb the holy way ?  
Illume the night of life to brilliant day ?  
Thus shun the path that widens down to Death,  
Men madly rush, while serpents drowse beneath ;  
Truth hath warm votaries, though but few indeed,  
While Fancy, Folly, seal some to their creed.

A hundred altars send as many prayers  
To Heaven, favored to a work divine ;  
Divinely penned — all jealous of their cares  
For penitential flocks, who crave such precious time  
To say ' Thy will be done,' as shepherds lead  
By streams of love, the lamb-fold gently feed ;  
Comingling in their hopes, they heavenward tend,  
Though known by varied names, in union blend ;  
Who seek for favor, find sufficient grace  
To guide them harmless through the Christian race.

Not strange ! Religion should mankind confuse,  
If creeds shall make all purely orthodox !  
Accommodating needles seldom e'er refuse  
To turn to any point within the box ;  
A changing compass for the Souls of Men ?  
Optics for those whom God gave Reason's ken ?  
However runs the sea, or drives the wind,  
They safely guide, in common, all mankind ?  
Shall he, forsooth — the Framer — hold the wheel,  
Regardless what the sea and storm reveal ?

Too oft do fond distinctions sway some minds,  
To practise tim'rous cunning like the fox,  
That forms areas until he weary finds  
Himself secure within the forest locks ;  
The startled creature bounds some rest to find,  
But leaping leaves the same round path behind ;  
Too oft opinions, larger look than truth ;  
Too oft do dollars shape the Law forsooth ;  
' Who runs may read,' the Truth will never fail ;  
While phantoms coy, in fashion's painted veil.

Know humble men what simple teachings be ?  
Came Lazarus forth to life from rotting clay ?  
Walked Jesus on the waves of Galilee ?  
Or brake he bread on any festal day ?  
Say ! wrote he ever in the shifting sand ?  
Or took He on the water Peter's hand ?  
Know ye the Lamb ? speaks Sinai's awful peal ?  
The throbbing Cross ? and Pilate's blushing steel ?  
Has man e'er lived, and can he Death defy ?  
Give all the test, is Reason's calm reply !

Conflicting orders cull from Holy Writ,  
Sectarian tenets to sustain their cause ;  
Industrious toil, make smooth their fabrics knit  
Too close to let a ray of Reason's laws  
In Holy Teachings, find its way to sense,  
Lest some, most wisely, offer some pretence,  
Or find one reason why the minds of Men  
Should let one tenet out, another in ;  
Some prove within a doubt, a Soul as pure  
Without believing, and of Heaven as sure.

The varied sects at least must play their part,  
Each pass as learned as others in the Law ;  
Declare themselves to have the larger heart,  
With critique claims allow no doctrine flaw ;  
Who wonder that poor pupils should despair ?  
Improve but slowly on unwholesome fare ?  
But marvel more, that minds of good intent,  
Should on attested truths give cross comment ;  
We urge this stanza mainly here to show,  
How much some follies make some wise ones know.

The Mind's mysterious schemes are vastly laid !  
Those grand conceptions of Infinite God !  
Those ideal blendings all harmonious made !  
The path to Glory is divinely trod !  
Steal not from Heaven the Jewel of its Crown !  
As well bombard its Sovereign Fortress down !  
Who seeks a passage through the Gates of Bliss,  
Must win a passport, in a world like this ;  
The Nation's Goddess, nerved by Christian zeal,  
And heavenly promise, breaks to Man the seal.

## LYRIC.

## IV.

How softly youthful hearts, in happy rows,  
Move on to worship, in their tidy dress ;  
Those red-round faces, cheerful bright-eye glows,  
Those little orphans, whom your favors bless,  
With measured pace between the church-bell toll,  
They go, to learn the value of the Soul ;  
It seems mysterious that the young of Earth,  
Bereft of parents, many from their birth,  
Unite so fondly, led by stranger-hand,  
But Hope illumines that humble orphan band.

We leave those happy ranks for scenes anew,  
Some hall of worship where the Soul's enshrined ;  
Concealed to all the vast expanse of blue,  
Is Mind, enthroned in temples of the Blind ;  
To such, song may have form, and sense a shade,  
And hues, sweet music that the wild flowers made,  
The rainbow-blush, emotion's vision-glow,  
Where Thought conceptive, Beauty throbs to know ;  
Sense forms its World of pulse-ideal kind,  
And only Faith hath sight, for they are blind !

The Mind dwells more celestial, when within  
Is all divined, beholds no fault of Art ;  
It seemeth faultless in a world of sin,  
Nor eye translates the foibles of the heart ;  
But oh, their schemes of genius lie in dream !  
To us, unseen, whose souls in bright eyes beam.  
They feel the charm of love through tone and line,  
What tongue reveals, metallic words define ;  
Read not in eyes the myst'ries of their kind,  
In dark seclusion veiled — they are the Blind !



Their worship lends a mild persuasive charm ;  
Their smiles bloom lovely flowers of innate hope ;  
Thought's pure resistless flow, in storm and calm,  
Sweeps most sublime along Light's mantled scope ;  
They bend most humbly, most devoutly pray,  
Their worship pure, in keeping with the Day ;  
Earth seems like Heaven, where they love so well,  
A heaven to them, with such, like heaven to dwell ;  
Chaste Art hath made them worthy all mankind,  
And Music throws its charm around the Blind.

To-day are gathered all by ties allied,  
To seek the treasures of the Holy Word ;  
The prospered merchant in his costly pride,  
The poor, of Want, who worship ne'er deferred ;  
Some eat the bread alone by Plenty given,  
A few ' the Bread of Life,' the gift of Heaven ;  
Now hand in hand Wealth and Distinction go,  
Borne up by Toil whose labor makes them so,  
As bear broad rivers on their restless tide  
The freighted ships, the people's hope and pride.

Turn where we may, new shades of thought remain ;  
The labyrinths are alive with wreaths of young,  
Whose cultured minds will Freedom's germs retain,  
In Sabbath Schools its sweetest strains have sung ;  
We dare not crush the germ that Virtue gives,  
Nor dim one thought of lustre it receives ;  
Shall mortal pen their future portrait draw ?  
There are your merchants, teachers, and the Law,  
The Nation's bulwarks, Wealth, and sons of Toil,  
The Arms and strong defence of Freedom's soil.

## LYRIC.

## v.

THE Sabbath day ! along some wealthy street  
Struts proud Presumption, arrogantly poor,  
With misanthropic smirk doth cautious greet,  
As if he 'd shook fastidious hands before !  
Unsocial lives in apish wealth and ease,  
Eccentric stoic's popular disease !  
Gloved hands are touched, not hard enough to soil,  
Where ribbons float through fumes of rose and oil;  
You 'd scarce mistrust he was of human kind,  
Such smiles exquisite warp his stupid Mind.

Sly o'er the pebbled walk lurks Av'rice Slim,  
With cramped choleric gaze plods bending down ;  
He thinks that all the town belongs to him,  
This thought engraved in every wrinkled frown ;  
His heavy cane, with polished head of gold,  
As on he scuffs, reminds him he is old ;  
The gold ! the gold ! he speaks it with his eyes,  
And know, as Miser lives, so Miser dies ;  
He mumbles out a wish that all his cane  
Were like the top of gilt, with grin profane !

I grant this vigil hath an unseen worth,  
Perchance his coffers in some spider cell,  
Or, may be, in some napkin hid in earth,  
Some iron cupboard with a rotten smell ;  
Perhaps he's taxed for some unfurnished pew,  
For some dark rum-shop, where resides some Jew ;  
May take choice pleasure in his picked way,  
Of counting thousands some auspicious day,  
May free some tape-shop of its pointless pins,  
And weep o'er losses, his besetting sins.

He's seldom troubled with a tailor's bill,  
Such famed for saving there can thrive but few,  
So anxious to be gen'rous in his will,  
Bequeaths to one his coat of English blue !  
We wonder that the Fates should e'er release  
Such human blessings from a suit of grease ;  
The honest grocers miss him in his round,  
For high-priced samples, of at least a pound !  
The aid he lends the needy, should we name,  
Secures to him distinction in his shame !

Beside him walks Benevolence plain dressed,  
Whom God hath favored with abundant stores ;  
He sought ' the Kingdom first ' from boyhood blest,  
And from his eye all human kindness pours ;  
He seeks the Poor, the destitute in life,  
Affords them aid to labor through their strife ;  
He seeks the orphan, gives with liberal hand,  
And from his bounty pours life's great demand ;  
With heart and purse from piles of wealth bestows,  
Thus he is happy who his duty does.

Now splendid coaches dash with reckless speed ;  
With siken reins and silver-mounted gears,  
The drivers race with frantic mettled steed,  
And startle crowds with all their wond'ring fears ;  
Their burnished sides flash in the gilding sun,  
And each carouse with belted span to run ;  
Whip cracks and yells by solemn service roll,  
And give to Fashion unrestrained control ;  
The church aisles ring with click of hoof and wheel,  
That come and go like breaks of thunder-peal.



## LYRIC.

## VI.

WHAT means this pageant at the noon of day ?  
(Between the pillars of St. Paul we stand,  
Where gowns of silk and satin smooth the way,  
And maiden beauty wreaths a smiling band ;)  
Those feet alighting from a cushioned coach ?  
Those pure white ribbons floating from a brooch  
Of diamonds, blazing in the soft west light,  
The rivals of two orbs of hazel sight,  
Two brilliants of a mind in radiance of love  
That purely illumine 'the olive-branch' Dove ?

The ardent crowd, most curious to know,  
Behold the lovers trip the old church aisles ;  
And healthy matrons crowd with anxious glow,  
And nestle through the happy hearts and smiles ;  
The deep-toned organ breathes a welcome note,  
And Lindent voices, flute-trilled echoes float ;  
The white-haired fathers, with accustomed claims,  
First in the throng adorn their smiling dames :  
And Beauty's cluster, like a floral tide,  
Wave scented garlands to a blushing bride.

In Venus' throng the bridal vows are sealed,  
A loving pair in youthful wedlock joined,  
And Fashion hath some tasty cut revealed,  
And Love at least new currency hath coined ;  
Some Quincy pupil hath begun his toil,  
Whom Fortune favors with a liberal spoil ;  
The white-robed pastor earns a gilded pound,  
Where wine from silver blushes all around ;  
The Sacramental Table is the shrine —  
' Whom God hath joined, let no man dare untwine ! ' "

The swift-winged carriage speeds the bride away  
To costly parlors and the down of love,  
Whose lips confessing, meet to bless the day,  
Define in smiles what lengthened life should prove ;  
No doubt some Uncle or some Aunt complained,  
And said the foolish pair were both unbrained ;  
Some wise observer had foreseen and told  
Their love but fluttered on thin wings of gold ;  
Some jealous coxcomb, fretting at the match,  
Deal ice in future, and congeal a batch.

The pave-ribbed street is dense with moving crowds  
The clang of bells have summoned on their way ;  
Some pauper hurried on in death-worn shrouds,  
The undertaker's benefit to dray  
In holy time, a saving of his trade,  
And jolly of his job, a Dollar made !  
No friends are there to shed a farewell tear,  
Perchance, but those who irksome hold the bier,  
And sorrow at such cheap request to slave,  
A pleasant task to drop him in the grave !

It were but fiction here to tell the tale,  
Or print the sorrow of his life of wrongs;  
Since few can weep o'er one so humbly frail,  
Or give to human what to Man belongs;  
While in his fortune-robe he stood arrayed,  
With those his former wealth in pomp displayed,  
Some deemed it favor, then to say ' My Lord !'  
Who courted smiles at his luxuriant board ;  
But that was in his manhood's golden prime,  
When crowned with wealth — sad change ! alas ! of  
Time !

## LYRIC.

## VII.

CHANGE worketh change, mysterious in each turn,  
And ills, to favor, often shape the scenes ;  
Where we may gaze new pictures we discern,  
So strange, that Truth doth flit our sense like dreams ;  
But while we see, and feel, and understand,  
The eye, and sense, and thought are at command,  
The pulse shall throb, the heart send streams of life,  
The blood shall crimson in the world's grand strife,  
We gather at each cant, of Wisdom's lore,  
A welcome bounty from her teeming store.

What now diverts us in the motley throng,  
Where willows weep o'er softly tinted flowers ?  
A low dirge note of softly plaintive song,  
In measured cadence, sweeter tones the bowers ;  
A soft white hand clasped round a bright bouquet  
Of scented roses — greens that ne'er decay ;  
And on her arm of model mould a Wreath  
Of evergreen, unchangeable in death ;  
Her hands are clasped, a lovely look is given,  
I know not why, unless she thinks of Heaven !

In the old grave-park, by the Tremont way,  
The pilgrim church spire drops its shadow there,  
The rank grass waving sadly, seems to say,  
The worms are busy on the dear dead here ;  
'Mid old slate slabs with eyes and wings,  
Is the spot where the Vigil maiden sings ;  
On a babe's grave springs a rose at her feet,  
Which bloometh the smile of the cherub sweet ;  
And the soft wind seemeth to hold its breath  
O'er a new opening grave — the pride of Death.



Another bending in a dreamy mood,  
You'd seem to say was brooding on the past ;  
Some cherished mem'ry was her daily food,  
Some hope had fled in Disappointment's blast ;  
Her widowed eye so swimming in a tear,  
Forgetting all the throng are standing near ;  
Anon sweet smiles o'er her calm features stray,  
As if an Angel wiped the tear away ;  
Up-looking through Faith's veil full hope is given,  
That she is walking near the gate of Heaven.

A cluster of rude girls frolicking round,  
Stealing in and out of an open vault,  
Pulling green boughs hanging down to the ground,  
Wincing at passers some senseless assault ;  
Tearing up flowers and threading them through  
The iron inclosure that opens the view ;  
Their long bony fingers and uncombed hair,  
Gives them a portrait of Want and Despair ;  
They shriek as the hearse comes slowly that way,  
And stare at the mourners ! forgetting their play.

Black dresses, black veils, and black velvet shroud,  
Picture the tribute and tearful farewell !  
A sorrowing group moves slow through the crowd,  
Grieving and sobbing where Parents must dwell !  
A glance at the grave, a sigh at their forms,  
Giving fond relics to Death's frozen arms !  
Wreathlets of evergreen, damp with their sighs,  
Fresh on the lid where a fond Father lies ;  
A pure bridal rose uniting beneath  
Father and Mother, alas ! 't is in Death !

The ground-cell door is locked on the mould ;  
Standing without are the Orphans in tears ;  
The solemn-tongued bell no longer is tolled,  
Pale resignation the Sister-Group wears ;  
They 've given to Earth the dust they admired,  
And pray for the heart's submission required ;  
Saddest of changes ! that claims from the fold  
The parents they loved with fervor untold ;  
While the Guardian-form, with angel-toned breath,  
Sings to the Orphans — still holding her Wreath : —

‘ I bring thee a Wreath of evergreen,  
Inwove with fragrant flowers ;  
For in the Spirit-land I’ve seen  
Those dearly cherished friends of ours.

‘ The Wreath I bring, an emblem pure  
Of fadeless feeling twined in love ;  
I bring to thee that we may lure  
Our thoughts to spirit-friends above.

‘ I know the hand of Death is cold,  
He sternly does his iron toil,  
From Earth he bears young plants and old,  
And sets them into heavenly soil.

‘ Death lifts us from the sloughs of Sin,  
We willingly should take his hand ;  
He’d have us truest friendship win  
And lead us to the Spirit-land.

‘ If mind was fashioned to decay,  
And only flesh to love was given,  
We more should dread Eternity,  
Consider Earth the only Heaven.

‘ Oh ! take this fragrant emblem green,  
These sweetly tender blooming flowers !  
May what the Spirit’s eye hath seen  
Sustain thee in affliction’s hours !

‘ Oh ! lay it on their dreamless clay !  
As undisturbed they lowly lie ;  
Their sweet repose, before the day  
That wakes them to Eternity.

‘ A step from sorrow to the grave —  
The Vale of Darkness quickly trod ;  
A shackle dropped from passion’s slave,  
A struggle for the Throne of God.

‘ Then grieve not at the broken chain !  
 Those lips of love are mute and cold ;  
 The Wreath shall bloom in love again,  
 When gathered to the Heavenly Fold ! ’

THE ORPHANS’ REPLY.

‘ Love smiles for the Wreath !  
 Dispelling grief !  
 Kneeling, kissing Death,  
 We find relief !

‘ Emblem of the Mind  
 Never dying,  
 Soft as zephyr-wind  
 Speak we sighing : —

‘ What, now are sleek worms  
 Boring the dead ?  
 Coiling their ringed forms  
 In a dust-bed ?

‘ Kiss the sweet flowers !

Above the rust !

Love hath its bowers

Free from the Dust !

‘ The Spirit hath eyes,

Viewing the blest !

Emotion ne’er dies !

Let the dead rest !

‘ We know in Heaven

They ceaseless love !

The life-pulse given

Beateth Above !

‘ A tear ! a farewell !

Despond never !

Since in Heaven they dwell,

Seek them ever ! ’

## LYRIC.

## viii.

STILL winding onward through the cliques of man,  
Where'er the cautious passer thinks to stray,  
With eyes alert, discerns some wayward clan  
Dart through some arch, to desecrate the day ;  
And where some quiet inlane twines along,  
Saloons of Fashion ask a place in song ;  
You will not now presume to pass them by,  
Fantastic halls ! that so entrance the eye !  
Some gilded letters mutely say, 'Come in !'  
And close the inlet slyly on the sin.



Sardonic smiles the Sabbath Mammon wears,  
With glance at Lucre and the lad who sips ;  
Whose eyes are floating in potation-tears,  
Who greenly drinks with unaccustomed lips ;  
The cut-glass full and sparkling in the bead,  
He quaffs, supposing one is all his need ;  
The solid marble, cool and polished fair,  
The sprinkling founts of famed Cochituate bear ;  
A long array of Bottles meet the eye,  
Ringing their art in silver, ‘ Will you try ? ’

A single glass ! it flows so harmless ! then  
So tart with lemon ! tintured well with mead !  
When once you’ve tasted you could drink a can,  
And make a force-pump of a slender reed !  
If not inclined to feasting, take a lunch !  
May drift it down, forced with a stream of punch !  
Unmanned and reckless throng of stalwart forms,  
The Red King flatters in his bloated arms,  
Till, weighty grown, they flounder on the floor,  
A morphene gallery, and the Landlord’s bore !

The Youth are there! and lounge at Bacchus' shrine,  
'Mid elder victims, dozing on the chin;  
Make wit and revels o'er deceptive Wine,  
And cups exhaling strong perfumes of Gin;  
Crimson Nose sits at the fountain handy,  
Gurgling down a 'smash' of Fourth Proof Brandy;  
And reck'ning o'er his fortune, Mr. Grum  
With palsied fingers clasps a draught of Rum;  
Old Mirth is swollen, and his blood runs free,  
Imbibes with Wit, a 'smile' upon his knee.

Platonic Sour indulges little Cherry,  
Makes Flirt Anticipation's eyes to glow;  
Who hinting round, declaring 'I am weary,'  
Reminding Sour 'the cash is running low;'  
'I thought you never dipped,' shrewd Quizzer says;  
'I seldom do — but then, these Holidays!'  
'This way!' winks Spleen, upon tiptoe titters,  
Calls in haste for two (one-side the bitters,)   
While old Indulgence bluntly makes a pour,  
And tips up twice to get a nutfull more.

Indulgent reader, pardon now the strains,  
I ask your favor to complete the song !  
Howe'er the festers break from moral veins,  
We hold to view what is the Sabbath wrong ;  
Behold them stealing from the haunt within,  
New England sots and reckless casks of Gin ;  
The wreck of Brandy comes with pimpled nose,  
And hugs young Wine-Cask as he giddy goes ;  
While on his arm leans One-Glass, quite genteel,  
For they are cronies in the Sabbath reel.

Cloth makes but slight distinctions in such mirth ;  
Fastidious fancies with the beastly meet ;  
All merit is dissolved of honored birth,  
The young and old make compounds of deceit ;  
On young Champagne leans pompous New-Rum-Fat ;  
But fashion changed the crown to his ' hard hat,'  
'Tis blowing in and out, hung by a beaver hinge ;  
He needs some fanning, since the purple tinge  
Informs us he is warm, whom we unmask ;  
To screen the pageant is a senseless task.

We claim such patrons from their shamed retreat  
Of wild carousals that themselves defame ;  
Whose bosoms burn with gen'rous passion's beat,  
To lure them harmless from the Shades we name !  
Your native hills give echo to the strain ;  
Your friends and loved ones still their love retain ;  
With tones as sweet as angel harps would trill,  
Inspiring Virtue ! still your hearts would fill  
With love of Worship as your sires began !  
Who loves his Country — loves his fellow-man !

Stay ! lewd Indulgence, in your brilliant dance !  
Your festooned halls and scrolls of velvet plush,  
Your bridal grace and captivating glance,  
Your smiling dimples and decoying blush,  
Your hectic passion and your honeyed lip,  
Your coaxing phrases that so blandly slip,  
Your ranks of Pleasure linked in Passion's chain,  
Your bold enchantress' of delirious brain,  
Your dazzling diamonds — passports of Despair,  
Bid, at the threshold of the maze, Beware !

Singing, a Seraph descends from Heaven,  
Lured by Love's divinest sway ;  
Whose warning rhapsody is given —  
List ye ! to her chaste melody !  
Descending in a spirit-ray,  
Devoutly sings the Sabbath Day !

## THE SERAPH'S WARNING.

'There is a Syren Goddess fair,  
Her cheeks of lily whiteness shine ;  
Her eyes like liquid diamonds are —  
She kneels like Venus at the shrine —  
The shrine of Beauty wreathed with gold,  
Her sweetly toned guitar to trill,  
Her lips her dulcet charms unfold,  
And sighs, her nude white bosom fill ;  
The eager eye looks wild to see  
This Syren of Idolatry !  
Touch not her hand ! so softly fair !  
Nor kiss the love-dew of her breath !  
It is the Fiend-love of Despair !  
The model form of icy Death !'

This Guardian Angel hovers o'er  
Her Norman germs, the Nation's power,  
Whose fathers stood, a dauntless clan,  
When conquering William led the van ;  
Each man a fortress in his zeal,  
As fearless as the flashing steel ;  
Some thousand years their valor own —  
The field of battle and the Throne —  
The throne of England ! now to thee  
Entrusts the boon of Liberty !

The Syren with her serpent coil  
Is twining round the Sons of Toil !  
Her shining folds are sleekly laid,  
She strives to charm the Vigil Maid,  
Who springs her bow of Virtue's art,  
And wounds the Syren in the heart ;  
Resistance, will the Fiend repel,  
However bold her ranks may swell ;  
Unharmed, the Guardian yet shall be  
To sway the sons of Liberty !

## LYRIC.

## IX.

AID, Genius of Poesy ! daring to sing,  
One who would linger at the Muses' shrine !  
Oh ! lend new plumage to my falt'ring wing,  
Here, artless numbers aid me to combine !  
That I one tint may pencil of his fame,  
Engrave one motto for his matchless name,  
Or pay one tribute to his honored head,  
Or lay one laurel on the pulseless dead,  
Forgetting faults, and turning to his faith,  
So let me live to die the good man's death !



An orient flush shines on the city spires  
That overlook Atlantic's emerald green ;  
Attuned the lark its matin plaintive lyres,  
And Autumn's yellow garlands wave between ;  
As if in bowers elysian we dreamed,  
Celestial flowers in heavenly sunshine gleamed ;  
And guardian Spirits, grouping through the air,  
By Hope's divinest smile enamored there ;  
And Love and Discord clasped in pensive mood,  
Giving sweet cheerfulness to Solitude.

Who are they, loving not the dream-land, when  
The loved and loving cluster round the scene ?  
Departed friends, in visions come again,  
And tell how pure the spheres they dwell within ?  
Who hath not been in some pure land of loves,  
Or gathered emblems in its mystic groves ?  
Or knelt, all conscious of a dreamy rest,  
At the faultless shrine of the sinless blest ?  
Or typed the picture of the dear dead's smile,  
And felt most heavenly with the Lamb the while ?

A muffled chime steals on the drowsy ear,  
And startled Somnus leaves the charmed brain ;  
And Thought entrancing seeks its genial sphere,  
While Brattle's tongue reverberates again !  
The dream-land leaving, all its visions sped,  
Waking from Heaven to mourn a Spirit fled,  
Chilled with conceptions at the dread alarms,  
Waking to weeping in the Sabbath arms ;  
'Tis 'The Parting Knell !' the signal toll  
Of the Great and Good ! of Webster's Soul !

At Marshfield sleeps ! articulates the Bell,  
Electric voices bid the Nation wake !  
And cot and palace catch the solemn spell ;  
Of magic sadness, friend and foe partake ;  
As pure the morn, as when in Eden's shade  
Of flowers and music, Paradise was made ;  
The air all voiceless, save the sombre swell,  
And such before unheard — that Sabbath Bell !  
And men stand mutely pensive in their grief,  
Nor tears nor praise afford the claimed relief.

Now booming cannon quake a thunder tone,  
And Stars and Stripes trail melancholy down;  
The Union weeps from North to Southern zone,  
The dauntless Eagle heavenward hath flown,  
And soaring boldly upward, shrieking gives  
From Scroll immortal, Webster's Spirit Lives!  
As though the Angels down the Azure strove  
To herald the Great Spirit whom we love;  
Attuned their harps, celestial music give,  
From Earth to Heaven the chant rings, 'I Still Live!'

The Nation weeps! her sable garments on,  
While at its shrine our Sovereign Goddess bends!  
And Honor brings his trophies one by one,  
Devotion now her gifted Son defends!  
A beacon Star from Earth now disappears  
To lend more lustre to the heavenly spheres;  
A stripe of glory blends the Union-bow,  
To arch the Future with a fadeless glow!  
A Mind colossal tow'ring up to Heaven!  
Where Hope may summit when the World is riven!

What mean those groups all through the city aisles,  
With anxious posture and inquiring eye ?  
Sadly and softly friends speed through the files,  
And query, faithless, when did Webster die ?  
Some, moody ! voiceless ! hardly dare to know,  
And some bend smitten by the doleful blow ;  
Oh God ! we hear it in the morning toll,  
October's Sabbath ! Sabbath of His Soul !  
He sleeps at Marshfield ! still in balmy air  
His mind celestial sways men everywhere !

That god-like figure, threescore years and ten,  
Broken in manhood, like a marble form ;  
A model Master of the Arts of men,  
Snapped like the oak, reared to the whirlwind's storm ;  
Our Union Fortress, breasting all the blades  
Of steel-armed Discord, in her Blood-parades !  
A thunder clarion ! pealing through the Land,  
With power to bind us in a Union Band !  
The ' Oil of Joy,' to Faction's foul disease,  
To our loved Home the oracle of Peace !

Now bend we meekly at the manly shrine,  
Whereon the learned devoutly bend the knee !  
The monumental Altar we entwine  
Bears up to Heaven a mass of memory !  
I see the laurelled Choate adorned with crape,  
And Everett kneels his chaste and lettered shape ;  
There types of Christ wrap robes of sable on,  
And Statesmen homage pay their Champion !  
And Pierce, who holds the Sovereign Gift, in tears  
Proclaims ' the Nation's Great Heart Throbs ' in fears.

Palsied that arm of might, in firmest nerve ;  
Dimmed those dark orbs, most eloquent of life ;  
Lost that affection change could never swerve ;  
Vanished the goal of Forensic Strife !  
Gone the great Helmsman ! in his manliest hour !  
Broken, a shaft of the People's power !  
Torn from our Country, its largest heart !  
Shot from the bow of Promise, Hope's choice dart !  
His Form in the dust, his Spirit given  
To tireless worship — to a Sabbath in Heaven !

Bathe with affection's tears his trusty mound,  
And trellis o'er with flowers that classic grove !  
His tranquil form will dignify the ground —  
The ocean chant a dirge of ceaseless love ;  
The sons of Law a volume there unfold,  
And reap fresh laurels as the Man shall mould ;  
The Future's artists will those shades revere,  
Parental Wisdom drop devotion's tear ;  
Each letter of his dearly cherished name,  
Will form the jewelled Union of his fame !

## LYRIC.

## X.

NEW ENGLAND ! once that shrine of forest hills  
And ringing vales — the wild-wood Indian's glee,  
To-day along her rivers, glens and swells  
In happy homes are millions of the free ;  
A pilgrim band in Freedom's rising sun,  
Encamped in trails where Boston was begun :  
Our Sovereign Goddess swayed their nervous stroke,  
Till Freedom, Britain's iron arm had broke ;  
Still o'er the Nation holds her onward sway,  
And pays her tribute to the Sabbath Day.



Time, in his work-shop, modelling mankind,  
The Nations tend from birth to fruitful age ;  
He never tires, however close confined,  
The tragic actor of the human stage,  
Sustains unchanging vigor in his strife,  
And perfect manhood nerves his magic life ;  
Looks calm on Empires buried, in decay !  
And Thrones of gold melt in his burning way !  
His cyclic-mark 's each crumbling Kingdom's age —  
The Fate of Epochs on eternal page !

His work 's engraved in geographic halls  
In hieroglyphics of the quartz and spars ;  
Their silex chambers, emerald-pillared walls,  
Of gold pedestals, lit with diamond stars ;  
In marble aisles of fish and bird of stone,  
Adorned with leaf, and flower and fossil bone,  
In iron doorways, endless walls of coal,  
And ice-formed monsters dancing at the Pole !  
In perished empires, ocean's wealthy grave,  
And coral mountains built above the wave.

Some detail of old Time we aim to draw,  
And give fresh touches of his lines and shade :  
Strive as the artist shapes from Nature's law,  
Daguerreotype the city's masquerade ;  
Time hath developed what the present owes,  
The May-flower seed sown in New England snows ;  
Ere long shall tell how schools of Christ must be,  
With Art and Learning, hopes of Liberty !  
The Sovereign Goddess nations yet shall sway,  
And wed the World some future Sabbath Day !

Land of my birth ! Home of our pilgrim sires !  
'They all were MEN ! braved Death for you and me !  
Renew to-day the millions of your fires,  
In hearts as bold for God and Liberty !  
Where'er the fire-winged horse shall frantic fly,  
Electric language flashes through the sky !  
'The Union spreads her iron-clustered hands,  
From East Atlantic, West Pacific sands,  
Where'er our Navy swims around the World,  
With Stars and Stripes, the Cross shall be unfurled !

A CHOSEN BAND.

Who were the brave who boldly dared  
From England's glittering crown depart ?  
To the green waves and storm-sky bared  
Their bosoms, warmed by Freedom's heart ?

From their own dear home  
They dared to roam ;  
From their fatherland  
A Chosen Band.

The Red and Blue above them streamed,  
Who left the Lion on his Throne,  
While from their eyes prophetic gleamed  
A hope of Freedom's future home !

O'er an unknown Sea  
They came, the Free !  
Joined in heart and hand,  
A Chosen Band.

Who were the brave upon the deck,  
When Winter's surf the May-Flower bore ?  
When Plymouth Rock, a sea-green speck,  
Uprose 'mid Ocean's deafening roar ?  
    Loud rang their chorus,  
    Land before us !  
    'T was their pilgrim-land —  
    The Chosen Band.

Who were the brave who reared rude camps  
Upon New England's sterile soil ?  
Who wore upon their brows the stamps  
Of Freedom, and of honest toil ?  
    At their cabin fires,  
    Mothers and sires !  
    Stout in heart and hand,  
    A Chosen Band.

They were the brave ! 'neath Cambridge elm,  
When Adams spoke with patriot charm,  
And bade them station at the helm  
Our Country's Father with strong arm !

Who led dauntless on ?  
GEORGE WASHINGTON !  
Through the forest land,  
That Chosen Band.

And brave were they, their sons, the Free !  
Whom God made firm in battles won ;  
Their Navy triumphed on the Sea,  
Their Stars and Stripes at Lexington !  
Aided from Heaven,  
Power was given  
In the Chosen Land,  
That Chosen Band.

Those Norman Soldiers, where are they ?  
Ask Thirty Millions of the brave !  
An arch of Freedom o'er their clay,  
Enshrines those forms in Glory's grave !  
Ask ye who were they,  
But yesterday  
Struggling hand to hand,  
A Chosen Band ?

Responses come from Land and Sea,  
We were your Fathers ! at the shrines,  
Where worship now their sons, the Free !  
Who Freedom's chaplet still entwines.

At your homes and fires,

Ye are the sires

Of a peaceful Land !

! Its CHOSEN BAND !

## THE GENIUS OF THE MIND.

WHY should we fleeting hours beguile,  
When friends are gathered to our arms ?  
Why set in every thought a smile,  
As roses blend their tinted charms ?

Why should we speak a tender word,  
Or feel the impulse of a sigh ?  
Why pay fond tribute of reward,  
For thoughts that gold can never buy ?

Why worked to rapture by a tone,  
That drops like honey from the tongue ?  
Why starts a tear ? an impulse flown,  
Or music sweep from harps we've strung ?



Why struggle on in life's fleet chase,  
And leap with ardor to its goal ?  
Make green its dry and barren space,  
And gather garlands for the Soul ?

It is the Genius of the Mind,  
The golden chain, the clasp of Life,  
The gems of Memory refined,  
The hopes that nerve us in the strife !

These are the priceless, deathless parts,  
The gifts that Deity combine,  
The germs that flower by flower imparts,  
And blooms us into forms divine.

THE OLD DEERFIELD GARRISON.

A CENTURY and threescore years,  
Of rising and of setting suns,  
Have smiled upon its olden frame ;  
And Winter's driving snows and storms  
Have turned to gray, its antique forms —  
But there it standeth ! still the same !

A century and threescore years !  
What changes come within their round !  
Around that olden garrison,  
Of those, who first therein did dwell,  
Not one remains, its fame to tell !  
Still there it standeth ! they are gone !

A century and threescore years,  
That garrison has stood the storms,  
In all the strength of former pride,  
Between the everlasting hills,  
That lift their tops, in pleasant swells,  
Where famed Pocomptuc pours its tide!

A dirge of mournful melody,  
Sighs through its whitewashed open walls —  
The death-tone of departed men —  
As if they roused from mould and rust,  
And stood forth living, from their dust!  
In human form as brave as then!

There let it stand a monument!  
Reared by those Men of stoutest hearts,  
Unbosomed to the savage knife!  
To tell posterity their fame,  
Till Time decay the old oak frame!  
A witness of their bloody strife!

## AUTUMN.

WE see in Autumn's gorgeous robe,  
In every verdure-fold,  
That wraps one half the fruitful globe,  
Her countless tints of gold ;  
In early Spring it was the hope,  
That birds did sing through budding bowers ;  
It nerved the arms that held the plough,  
And tilled the farms it mantles now.

Beyond the spring-time rose a hope,  
O'er all that clouds between ;  
And now its ray that gleamed afar,  
O'er harvest Autumn's seen —

The yellow corn, the ripened wheat,  
The new mown lawn, and mellow fruit,  
The bounteous fare of every yield,  
Proclaim God's care o'er Nature's field.

'Tis Autumn ! say the drooping flowers,  
In many a rosary bed ;  
No more the garland-blooming hours,  
Their sweet perfumes will shed —  
And Sylvan's song, along the groves,  
Will not prolong the Summer strain —  
And every breath of chilling blast  
Strips Flora's wreath when sweeping past.

'Tis Autumn ! and the later light  
Comes from the golden East ;  
The setting orb brings early night,  
To comfort man and beast :  
Lay by the plough, and gather in  
The harvest now ! Give God the praise !  
Whose goodness guards the sons of toil,  
His kind reward 's the bounteous soil.

'Tis Autumn ! say the withered leaves,  
That fall in every breath ;  
As every tossing bough receives  
The chilling touch of Death ;  
Each trembling leaf, that faded falls,  
Speaks of decay on Autumn's page ;  
Such types of gloom, we sadly sing,  
Were hopes of bloom in early Spring.

'Tis Autumn ! say the hungry poor,  
Exposed to every ill ;  
Compelled to beg from door to door,  
They own no soil to till ;  
The orphan child, the homeless wife,  
The home-exiled, are in the world ;  
Such claim relief — oh, be it given !  
The sons of grief are heirs of Heaven !

## AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

STILL Flora's tender, tinted group,  
Smiles out in clusters half mature,  
The vintage-arbors fading droop  
Their scarlet wings on blossoms pure.

They look most sweetly in the morns,  
Those silver-frosted cups on stems ;  
Those chilled and dying petal forms  
Are full of Autumn's cooling gems !

The willows droop their graceful arms,  
Their ample flowing sleeves enfold ;  
More modest in their weeping charms,  
Among their sisters robed with gold.



The nuts are nestling in the burs —  
Lie down in laps of withered flowers,  
To slumber in their winter-furs,  
Till Spring adorns her dreamy bowers.

While Nature, like the dolphin, wears  
The changing hues of dying Fall,  
And Autumn weeps its parting tears,  
The changeless Pine spires o'er them all !

The early lark with alto-tone,  
The yellow-bird with tenor-trill,  
The goldfinch with falsetto, flown,  
And music of the whippoorwill !

They sing the dirge of Autumn now !  
We welcome all Earth's teeming store !  
And sigh to think that Winter's snow,  
New England hills will mantle o'er !

• Adieu ! adieu ! my sombre strain !  
Of dying flower, and singing bird !  
We hope that Spring will smile again !  
And sweeter music will be heard !

## THE DREAM CHARM.

I ROVED as 't were entranced in dream,  
And plumed visions filled the space,  
As in Earth's tropic bowers have seen  
Bright birds through dazzling sunbeams chase ;  
I dare not speak !  
The while I knew  
In dream did seek,  
The Charm that flew !

Sweet consciousness of ideal scope !  
The mind's elysian to me !  
The charm I saw looked up to Hope,  
The essence of affinity !  
Possessed the form  
Of faultless grace ;  
Conception's Charm,  
Of angel face.

Benevolence, from liquid gems,  
In two pure 'orbs, pellucid, bright,  
Illumined forth Affection's beams —  
The focus of celestial light ;  
Serenely calm,  
Devoutly strong !  
With harp the Charm  
Trilled sweetest song.

Hast thou not felt Sleep's witchery ?  
Impassioned mystic strain ?  
Heard Lindent tones of melody  
Wave soothing o'er the dreamy brain ?  
Thus every note  
With love did swell ;  
In dream-tones float,  
By magic spell.

I strove to touch the phrenic form,  
This Vigil of the dream-land given,  
It flashed away ! but still the Charm —  
A Star ! illumed a sphere of Heaven ;

Thou guiding Star,  
Forever shine !  
And such there are  
For thee, and thine !

Immortal all ! the tireless Soul !  
Seeks fadeless joys on restless wing ;  
To genial impulse yields control ;  
With souls harmonious loves to sing ;  
As rainbows gleam,  
In sunny ray ;  
The hopeful Dream  
Dissolved in day !

## MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

THOSE Moonlight hours upon the lake, —  
Those pleasures passing more like dreams  
And pleasing hopes — those music tones —  
A moonlight transport now it seems.

That evening wore the wreath of joy,  
The heart felt strong with friendly throes ;  
Thine eye of soul, and smile of heart,  
Were vigil angels in repose.

Stars gleaming out from heavenly peaks,  
Like eyes of silvery lustre shone —  
Earth's canopy of diadems,  
The queenly Moon's encircling crown.

The lucid flow of Erie's sheen  
    Mirrored their glittering forms beneath ;  
The downy plumage of the spray  
    Stirred gently in the zephyr-breath.

When floating on the moonlit lake,  
    Joys flowed in gliding music there ;  
And maiden voices sweetly rang  
    Through flowing locks on moonlit air.

Flow, streams of Memory ! flow serene !  
    Like cascades from the fount of dreams !  
To quench the ever-thirsting mind,  
    And bathe the heart in blissful streams.

I dream them o'er — those moonlit hours —  
    As fondly as we mingled then ;  
And ask in rapture, Tell me where !  
    Where ! oh, where ! is old friend Ben ?



MEMORIES OF THEE AND THINE.

TO M. D. R., GEORGETOWN, ME.

HERE are marks of many ages —  
Mountain masses green with mounds ;  
Homes of old New England sages,  
Echoing Memory's magic sounds.

Here hath sire with grandsire parted,  
White with age and ripe with care,  
Who once sported as light-hearted  
As thy joyous moments are.

This great work of earth doth seem,  
With its shades and granite gray,  
Like the picture of a dream,  
Like a paradise of day.

Here may mind mature devoutly ;  
Here may reason keep its throne ;  
Here may stout hearts, beating stoutly,  
Never live to throb alone !

Here is glen by forest shaded ;  
Here is heard the ocean-song ;  
Here are ledges time has faded ;  
Nature's allies, broad and strong.

Quiet home, down by the ocean,  
Be it e'er the home of joy !  
Be thy friends of pure devotion,  
Passing life without alloy !

Peaceful home, down by the river,  
Such a home be ever thine !  
Feeling grateful to the Giver,  
I could ever wish thee mine.

Here the cottage sits 'mid beauty,  
Near a spire of marble seen ;  
He whose life was full of duty,  
Slumbers in its mound of green.

I remember, isle of ocean !  
Passing hours of pleasure free ;  
Still my heart, with warm emotion,  
Often beats with love to thee !

VERNAL MORN.

WINTER weeps through snowy lids,  
Smiling in the eyes of Spring ;  
While the streamlets' crystal harps  
Melting melodies do sing.

Gentle is the new-born Spring,  
Playful in the lap of March ;  
Again the ' bow of promise ' seen,  
Spanning heaven's golden arch.

Nature lifts her snowy arms  
To embrace her welcome child ;  
Shakes her garments in the wind,  
Where reviving rays have smiled.

In her garden soon shall be  
Germ and bud and blooming flower  
And the birds make melody—  
Mating-songs in vernal bower.

Spring will weave its early wreath,  
Through the showering April day;  
And the belles — New England's fair,  
Weave their festive crowns of May.

Welcome Spring with songs of mirth!  
Gratitude should swell your praise!  
With reviving Spring awake!  
Sing your vernal melodies!

Nature wakes in youth and bloom,  
Teeming 'neath a heaven of blue;  
Soon we'll wander forth to pluck  
Scented violets, filled with dew.

Let your youth and pursuits prove  
Pure as buds in vernal bowers ;  
And your social wreaths shall be  
Like a coronet of flowers.

## CUPID.

CUPID hath an honest way —  
It seemeth strange to many ;  
He should shoot from day to day,  
And *never* aim at money !

Cupid has a pleasant eye,  
And keeps his glances busy ;  
Looketh straightway, never shy,  
And sure, however dizzy.

Cupid has discernment keen,  
Of quality to study ;  
By it beauty's eyes are seen,  
And cheeks with roses ruddy.



Cupid differs in degrees,  
As hearts do often vary ;  
Reciprocal whene'er you please  
The happy life-pulse fairy.

Cupid has a kind address,  
And uses no presumption ;  
Ever prompt in heart to bless,  
And meaneth no assumption.

He sometimes getteth prosy,  
Is dreaming when he slumbers ;  
At others, doth compose thee  
With sweet-toned voice and numbers.

You'll know him when he greets you,  
Though you meet in mystic mist ;  
And though you cannot see through  
Him, you cannot well resist.

He maketh life most pleasant,  
And cultivates no malice  
In breast of lord or peasant,  
In lowly cot or palace.

He knoweth no deceptions,  
But simply says, 'I love !'  
Then wish him warm receptions  
Wherever he may rove !

His mode of education  
Is after ancient notions ;  
He taught at Eve's creation,  
His theme was the emotions.

Who is this spirit Cupid ?  
Why, he germeth in the soul ;  
And though you prove most stupid,  
Will have your heart's control.

### THOU AND THE ROSE.

I TURN unto thee as a fav'rite rose,  
That opens bright lids to fair morn,  
When blooming alone in modest repose,  
And Flora's chaste clusters adorn.

Wreathlets of verdure are cheered by the smiles  
Encircling the lips of its bloom ;  
Winning the gaze oft some sad one beguiles,  
Dispelling wild visions of gloom.

Some vine-shaded nook its love-look doth cheer,  
Smiles out from the ruralist's door,  
By trellis and window doth cheerful appear,  
By palace and cot of the poor.

It smiles for the humble and for the proud,  
Distilling sweet fragrance for all ;  
Is favored when Beauty welcomes her crowd,  
The lovely of life to recall.

I think of but hopes most kindly for thee,  
As pure as the blush of the rose !  
Thy friends and thy fortune, oh ! may they be  
Of such as kind Heaven bestows !

I think of the health that reddens the rose,  
The bloom that enlivens the vale ;  
Discern in the gardens of fragrant repose  
The Artist that painteth them pale.

More bright than the rose be joy within thee !  
As pure and more favored by thine !  
Sweeter than cups of the bridal-blooms be,  
Flow life from the streamlets divine !

If cheerless and lone in moments too sad,  
When weeping brings sorrow to sight,  
Think thou of the rose — the dew it hath shed  
But makes it more lovely and bright !

Alas, for the rose ! when faded and sere,  
Turns pale in the breath of a day !  
While roses on earth but transient appear,  
The Mind bloometh ne'er to decay.

## THE SAILORS' LEVEE.

Composed when sailing past Albemarle, in the Pacific, on seeing a fleet of American whaling vessels putting out to sea, August, 1849, as the sun was setting.

ROLL on, ye chariot clouds of mist,  
Along the azure hills sublime !  
Where ocean wavelets, dancing, kiss  
The crimsoned lips of torrid clime ;

Yon island marks Earth's central line —  
Yon bay, where sails in UNION furl ;  
Those Stars and Stripes the day define,  
A jovial ' gam ' at Albemarle.

They come ! the fleet flies o'er the wave,  
Their Eagle pinions tipt with Stars ;  
There, stream the flags of Freedom's brave !  
New England seamen ! shout huzzahs !

The heart beats stoutly at the scene ;  
A bolder pulse nerves up the Mind,  
When at departing day is seen  
Our banner waving in the wind.

Take courage ! ye, who ride the belt  
Of Earth, on ocean's emerald wave !  
The God who with our fathers dwelt,  
Their sons in triumph e'er will save.

On ! clouds of canvas ! dance the breeze !  
We seek for gold, and ye the oil ;  
And, dashing through Pacific seas,  
Our arms are nerved to manly toil.



A VALENTINE.

ANSWER TO LILLIE S. AUDUBON.

THERE throb on earth some hearts 'sincere ;'

I would not claim that such is mine —

Still I regard that jewel dear,

That makes, so rich, her 'Valentine ;'

Thou art secreted — I am known

To traceless Lillie Audubon.

I still would crave thy heart's pure prayer,

Those pleadings of a generous mind ;

My 'faithless image' still thy care,

Though I have 'stole' thy 'rest' unkind ?

I will not chide thee, fair unknown,

Confiding Lillie Audubon.

'Tis true there are some hearts to trust,  
Where reason dictates, love approve ;  
We sometimes think that love we must,  
Nor let bewildered passions rove ;  
Perhaps I've loved, perchance I won,  
It may be, Lillie Audubon.

Sometimes the secrets of my heart,  
I thought some kind one would unseal,  
The while the loved one seemed to start,  
Lest I some passion should reveal,  
And left my burning doatings on,  
My love — some Lillie Audubon.

Secluded in the restless Soul,  
Do Love and Hope confiding dwell ;  
Some unseen angel keeps control  
O'er thoughts that burn with magic spell ;  
Still Love and Hope keep throbbing on,  
For some dear little Audubon.

Some kindly feelings tope the mind ;  
Devotion's tribute will be true ;  
Among life's purest gems we find,  
Of priceless innocence, but few ;  
Still thou mayest prove the rarest one,  
My precious Lillie Audubon.

### VALENTINE IN DREAM.

I HAD a most delightful dream,  
Sweet maid, a dream of bliss,  
And all within my senses seem,  
My revelry was this :  
When kneeling down at Beauty's shrine,  
I felt a tender hand in mine,  
And gazing smiled — that hand was thine —  
A faithful hand, — my Valentine.

I dreamed of one serene and fair,  
And happier I grew ;  
A pure rose placed within her hair,  
The rose of Love, I knew ;

The maiden said, if this be mine,  
Culled from Affection's fragrant vine,  
I'll wear it as a gift of thine,  
A pledge I am your Valentine.

I dreamed of pleasures fleetly fled,  
As oft our thoughts discern,  
And pressed her fondly as she said,  
Love's passions warmly burn ;  
I woke ! and thought that form divine,  
Still held her hand warm pressed in mine,  
And vowed some project to entwine,  
The love, I dreamed my Valentine.

## SENSATION, REASON, WILL.

WHEN round the Soul emotions throb,  
Like waves upon an unknown shore,  
Awhile each pulse with warmest throb,  
Beats out a strain unfelt before ;  
Thoughts come and go in mystic flow,  
By dint of inclination,  
And thus reveal their woe or weal,  
Through sensitive SENSATION.

With strange acuteness, conscious thought,  
With sense of good and ill is weighed ;  
What charms and what repels, is brought,  
In analytic parts arrayed ;  
Mild or severe, we must revere  
That judge, bereft of treason,  
Who sits unmoved, though oft reproved,  
In dignity of REASON.

With bold and independent air,  
And daring to the last extreme,  
Inures to bliss, or keen despair,  
And breaks life's bubbles oft in dream,  
The Rule of Mind — howe'er refined,  
Is tireless to fulfill  
Some cherished plan — immortal man !  
Ruled by th' eternal WILL !

May each sensation warmly prove,  
With powers of purest thought combine,  
To bind the souls of changeless love !  
And make life's day a scene divine !  
Each passing hour, affection's flower,  
A friendly balm distill !  
Each power that's given, unite in HEAVEN,  
SENSATION, REASON, WILL.

### LIFE SOON WILL DEPART.

DRAW the strands gently, the ties to the heart,  
Touch the chords softly, life soon will depart ;  
Oh, breathe not a discord into the strain !  
Life is most precious ! too fleeting and vain !  
Stand ! in its battle ! life's magical part !  
Cherish it fondly ! — life soon will depart.

Stir not the taper ! since life's lambent blaze  
Burns but too feebly to scatter its rays ;  
Trim the lamp faithfully, so it may burn ;  
Feed the light patiently, each in your turn ;  
A blast may extinguish its glow from the heart,  
Oh, tend it with caution ! — life soon will depart.



Cherish the kindness that makes thee a friend !  
Friends are the angels that earth will attend ;  
Give not an impulse that robs thee of rest ;  
Foster no slander within thine own breast !  
Mem'ry will gather her friends to the heart ;  
Deal with them kindly ! life soon will depart.

Forbear and be good to the generous poor !  
Who humbly shall bend and beg at your door ;  
Those are among you, and Christ loveth such,  
More than the Dives who treasureth much ;  
Crumbs from your table will gladden the heart ;  
Then dare not refuse !—life soon will depart.

Smile pleasantly, Fortune, on those who may need ;  
Heal with thy balm where the wounded still bleed ;  
Seek the wan laborer willing to toil ;  
Give the poor orphan a share of thy spoil ;  
Garment the ragged, take Penury's part !  
Give of thy bounties ! — life soon will depart.

Press cautiously, Care! Time's onerous load  
Deepens the footprints on life's sandy road;  
Courage! ye weary, be morally strong!  
'T will aid thee to bear thy afflictions along,  
Life's trail is narrow and thorns in its start;  
Lightly, tread lightly! — life soon will depart.

Weave for each other chaste chaplets of love,  
Fadeless with emblems of Virtue inwove!  
Studded with jewels rich thought has combined,  
Cut from the diamond brilliants of mind;  
Wreath on Love's altar the pledge of the heart,  
Pure and enduring! — life soon will depart.

Touch the spring skilfully, passions will jar!  
Lest, like an army, they rally to war,  
Glitt'ring in armor, disparting they rise,  
Daring with discord and baneful replies,  
Claiming for battle-ground only the heart;  
Trifle not with them! — life soon will depart.

Gold will not always secure to thee wealth ;  
Life is not always attended with health ;  
Not ceaseless the west wind steadily blows ;  
Not fadeless the blush that flatters the rose ;  
Nor beateth for ever the pulse of the heart ;  
As all things must change ! — life soon will depart.

GIVE ME THE RURAL HOME.

By some bold cliff and rugged mound,  
And winding streamlet's moan,  
Away from city's rumbling sound,  
Give me the rural home.

Where low tones echo on the air,  
From Music's measured tone ;  
Far from the crowd and vexing Care,  
Give me the rural home.

Where grove and dell and birdling bower,  
Form Nature's richest boon ;  
Where shattered rocks and forests tower,  
Give me the rural home.

Life's rarest pleasures fill the spot,  
Most where I choose to roam ;  
Within some humble quiet cot —  
The mountain rural home.

Oh, let the rural home be mine !  
The cot that stands alone !  
In pelting storm and bright sunshine,  
Give me the rural home !

### THE BRIDAL ROSE.

THE smiling Earth, that gave thee birth,  
Has drank the Summer's shower,  
And morning's dew, exhaling through,  
Makes thine a fragrant bower.

In budding hope, ere thou didst ope  
'Mid bright birds singing cheerly,  
I oft at morn have gazed upon  
The form I loved so dearly.

For then, forsooth, like tender youth,  
Shut in from all that's dreary,  
Felt not the blast that comes at last,  
Nor dreamed of fading weary.

In embryo, I saw thee grow  
    'Mid vernal germs of Nature,  
At opening day, as morning's ray  
    Blushed on each graceful feature.

Now blooming fair, in fragrant air,  
    All Nature smiles around thee ;  
Thy virgin smiles my heart beguiles,  
    Thy modest charms enchain me.

Pure rose bloom on ! the morrow's morn,  
    Perchance the noon in splendor,  
Will chase away, with burning ray,  
    Thy smile and bloom so tender.

Thy opal hue, with sweetest dew,  
    Is gemmed as Nature's fairest,  
Thy petals rare adorn the fair,  
    Of all the blooms the purest.

The garden's pride, its blushing bride,  
I love thy early bloom,  
That ere the day shall speed away  
Must wear the hues of gloom.

And so, alas ! must Beauty pass  
Away, as fades each flower ;  
And Death's cold hand apply his wand  
To all of earthly power.



## THE INNER SHRINE.

TO THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

Few are the forms of beauty met  
In chosen circles of the fair,  
Like thine, whose eyes of smiling jet,  
'Neath Grecian brow and clustering hair  
Reveal the Soul, whose kindling glow  
Of pleasantry blushes concealed,  
Illumes the casket, pure as snow,  
Where all its jewels are revealed.

A stirring witchery of Thought  
Warms in each pulsè, in every glance,  
As though the spirit-vision sought  
The bright ideal-world perchance ;  
And every look and deep'ning glow  
Bespeaks an inward struggling there,  
To quit the World ! resolved to know  
How Spirits blend in heavenly air !

Dreams that the World is all a dream,  
And all its treasures senseless cares ;  
Entranced in visions, gets a gleam  
Of him she loves in constant prayers !  
Looks coldly on Earth's outward forms,  
The pleasing themes of other's joys ;  
One Crumbling Fabric borne to worms,  
Betrays the canker that destroys.

Cold, clay-formed innocence, in death  
The searching roots are weaving through ;  
Whose vernal germs, in lowland heath,  
Will twine his grass-robe bathed in dew ;  
Between the swells of earth, the flowers  
Will oft beguile her moments there,  
And in rapt visions, in those hours,  
His form will view in spirit-air.

The twining grass may fold a friend,  
That idol-form in dust conceal,  
The while celestial thought may blend  
Till thine dissolve life's tender seal ;

And thus the essence of the Mind,  
By each emotion, ever be  
In dearest union, till refined  
In Heaven, in pure affinity !

But while the mortal Dross confines,  
Or spirit-essence veins in clay,  
Those eyes must see what sense defines,  
What flashes through each mental ray ;  
As every Mind that meets our sense,  
Whate'er degrees of strength may prove,  
In form of substance or pretence,  
Must feel the force of hate and love.

All sense combines to sway us here,  
And mould the Mind in varied arts,  
Oft brings a smile, distils a tear ;  
Thus forms some virtue in the heart,  
Unites some friend of dearest kin,  
To some fond Spirit, pure allied,  
Gives tone to every pulse within,  
To which the real World 's applied.

So pure a rose may smile through gloom,  
Like Andromede when steeped in tears ;  
Love's subtle canker rust its bloom,  
While Virtue slumbers wrapt in fears,  
That frenzied eye still full-orbed roll !  
And ' smile at grief ' with outward charms ;  
Anon One Spirit shall control,  
Whose casket rests in Nature's arms.

### THE COQUETTE.

SHE mingled in the flippant throng,  
Her fairy step was free,  
Her dimpled cheeks and pouting lips  
Were all bewitched for thee ;  
She saw you trace her captive glance  
Toward her vowed gallant,  
And tost her head of Venus charms,  
With cunning 'No you can't.'

Her dark eye flashing through the crowd,  
Shone on another brow,  
Her tones were sweetest melody  
When breathing him a vow ;  
The belle of all the throng she seemed,  
And held his heart in sway,  
But when the joyous hour had flown,  
The Comet flashed away.

An ardent youth of rosy face  
Admired her coaxing voice,  
The love-lit smile that dazzled all,  
Made him her Only choice !  
The eve had flown, the guests all gone,  
He lingered at the door,  
She playful clasped another arm,  
Her heart ' was his before ! '

He met her in his morning walk,  
Her eye shone bright as e'er,  
She clasped his hand and sweetly said,  
' How distant you appear !  
Do call this eve, I'll make amends,  
I'm happy when with thee ! '  
He called, and in the parlor found  
The Disappointed Three !

IMPROMPTU ON A DAGUERREOTYPE.

THERE's oft a pulse of pleasantry  
Among my visions many,  
Steals out from cherished memory  
Of smiling, playful Annie.

I scarcely dare to breathe a thought,  
Or write another number,  
Lest I should start thee living  
In portrait, from thy slumber!

Hush ! hush ! oh hush ! for even now  
I see those ringlets waving !  
The eyes ! the lips are all alive !  
The charms of this engraving !

Each rounded dimple teems with smiles,  
 So like pure lilies blowing,  
 Thy pupil-spheres of liquid gems,  
 With latent fervor glowing.

It were as if the bosom stirred,  
 The heart expands with beating !  
 The lips in detail seemed to breathe  
 My numbers while repeating !

When friends around home's circle throng,  
 To dream o'er mem'ries many,  
 They here shall view in jocund mirth  
 Their young bewitching Annie.

Good bye! thou joyous, parlor elf!  
 Thou living dreamy fairy !  
 So like her spirit ! Annie's self,  
 Daguerretyped so cheery !



## GHOST OF THE BROOK.

In an ancient town, 'neath Monadnoc's shade,  
A place of renown, where some Pilgrims strayed,  
Near a group of farms in the Granite State,  
In its lowland charms, was a freak of Fate ;  
It hath thirteen lakes, and its brooks have fame,  
And in trouting takes great favor of name ;  
By one running stream, says ancient story,  
A Fairy was seen, sailing a dory,  
'T was made of gilt clouds, and had zephyr wings,  
Bright moonbeam shrouds, as tradition sings,  
In the midnight hour, all peaceful and still,  
Save the water-power of the Miller's Mill,  
She makes a retreat in a fragrant dell,  
Of the lilies sweet and light harebell ;  
There 's an arbor green, entwined with flowers,  
Where in Summer 's seen the Queen of the bowers  
On the moon's pale beam come the Sybils down,  
And the Sylphs of dream, of warm night renown ;

They sail the cloud-boat and bathe in the stream,  
And sport as they float in shrouds of moonbeam ;  
Soft lyrics they sing, sweeping harps of air,  
And the dew-drops bring to the bluebells fair,  
In the silvery light with attentive ear,  
The Fairy of Night, on the brook can hear,  
Like sea-sounding shells, she filleth the groves,  
Or echoing dells of night-wooing doves ;  
Thus they gambol on through the Summer night,  
And vanish at dawn in the blush of light ;  
An Indian was lost in the trouting stream  
Where the Fairy ghost in moonlight is seen.

ONE TRUE STAR.

'T is when the Spirit's lightest,  
When moments flutter fleetest,  
And Joy's full cup runs o'er,  
In suit of idol-treasures,  
When drinking in sweet pleasures,  
Hope's sky is dimmed the more.

For some bright goal when sighing,  
On Fancy's pinions flying,  
Assured the prize to gain,  
As onward we are speeding,  
The goal as swift receding,  
Engenders naught but pain.

When smile to smile is greeting,  
And hearts in fondest beating,  
Feel most their mystic power,  
As every passion's burning,  
Those smiles to frowns are turning,  
In love's delusive hour.

Still, through life's darksome mazes  
One true Star ever blazes,  
To guide till life shall end;  
To Care and Want a pleasure,  
To Earth the richest treasure,  
Is Woman, Man's True Friend.

### THE BOUQUET.

I HAD a cluster of sweet flowers  
In delicate array,  
Presented by a snow-white hand  
In wild and girlish play.

'T was in a parting social wreath,  
And stars smiled o'er the scene,  
The crescent moon cast silver rays,  
The lattice pane between.

The flowers were emblems of the few,  
Each blooming young and free —  
A social cluster of the night —  
The stars of Hope to me.

And know ye not a maiden oft  
Is likened to a flower?  
And who that culls a cherished bud,  
Seeks not some fav'rite bower?

The Rose Geranium leaf was there,  
So humble of pretence,  
One could not slightly pass it by  
Without some preference.

And there the sweet Ambrosia-blooms,  
Thick clust'ring on their stem,  
Breathed out a balm, a rich perfume  
Of Love Returned again.

The fair Sweet Pea of blushing hue,  
The belle of that bouquet,  
Bespoke of sad Departure soon,  
That flowers too soon decay.

## COME TO THE GLEN.

Written and sung at a Festival in a grove near Lowell.

COME to the glen and mossy shade !  
Come o'er the heath and lawn ;  
Come, where flowers bloom bright on the glade,  
Come in the purple morn !

Come with the lark in witching June  
Breathing the perfumed air !  
The mated birds are all in tune,  
Bright as the blossoms are.

Come ! for the days of bliss are few,  
Life, but a transient hour,  
Will evanesce like morning dew  
Upon a fresh blown flower.

The dew is on the long green grass,  
Clear is the heaven of blue ;  
Blithe may the morn of pleasure pass  
Sweet as the honey dew !

Oh ! let each heart in union beat,  
As swift the moments glide,  
In shaded grove and cool retreat,  
Each smiling as a bride !

The city hum, the busy crowd,  
The toiling, drudging throng,  
We leave, to swell in numbers loud,  
A festive rural song.

We welcome Summer's gladsome morn,  
At Nature's altar twine  
A wreath of roses from the lawn,  
From Sylva's verdant shrine.



Thus may our lives with pleasure flow,  
No cheating hopes be given ;  
The eyes that shine and cheeks that glow,  
Be bright as stars in heaven !

## HOPE.

TIME's beacon blaze, Life's burning Star, -  
Plays silvery down its vale afar ;  
The infant's smile, age blossomed o'er ;  
The Sun and dew of Earth's bright bowers,  
Light of the Future's darksome sky,  
Lures ever on !

It nerves the arm, makes strong the heart,  
It breasts all storms, takes Sorrow's part ;  
Makes grim Misfortune miss his aim,  
Gives nations victory and fame ;  
Guides errant pilgrims to the goal  
Of rest in Heaven !

MY OWN DEAR, HOME.

My own dear home ! the spot most fondly loved !

Home of the firm old ' Granite State ; '

My early home ! from which I early roved,

Thy springing mem'ries still create

Those pulses warm that brave the storm

That darkened round my early fate.

My own dear home ! decaying olden shell,

Overlooks a sweeping river ;

That bold, deep stream blends with the ocean swell

Of emerald green forever ;

With noiseless force keeps strong its course

To ocean's thundering ever.

My own dear home ! New Hampshire's navied gate !

Thy vigil cannon guard the sea ;

Thy star-flag streams in union o'er the State,

Still may it wave above the Free !

Thy Eagle bright, still keep in sight,

A hopeful omen unto thee !

## AN ALBUM LEAF.

TO A FRIEND LEAVING COLLEGE.

Roam up and down the world, and see  
Who play their parts with harmony  
    Upon the harp of life ;  
And when you draw the silver bow,  
May rapture in the music flow  
    To charm its battle-strife !  
Too soon ! the conflict will begin !  
Too soon, to arms ! that dread command !  
Without, we hear the battle din,  
With honor ! courage ! boldly stand !  
Too soon, at best, fleet Time will tell  
Who at his ' post of duty ' fell !

TO THE UNKNOWN ONE.

THOUGH not one smile has met mine eye,  
Revealing what my senses prove,  
No clasp of friendship taught me why,  
Still do I know thy heart of love :  
I know it in thy gen'rous thought,  
The ardent impulse of thy words ;  
O'er all the world one might have sought,  
Nor found the bliss thy verse affords ;  
Thine is a deeper joy within,  
A purer welling up of life,  
Than sordid hearts can ever win  
Through years of aping friendship's strife ;  
Let poets write in sweeter strains,  
And sing out all the love they feel,  
The dearer charm of life remains  
For those who half their love conceal.

### A COMPARISON.

As one bright star of brilliant ray,  
In heaven's blue vault is much excelled  
By others rolling on their way,  
And all by one law are impelled ;  
Thus some dear friend illumines the mind,  
While cherished thoughts hold peaceful sway,  
Still others dearer, more refined,  
Light up the mind with brighter ray.

## THE THRESHOLD.

DEDICATORY TO M. B. V.'S BOOK.

UNLOCK the portal of the Mind,  
The mental keys of Friendship lend,  
Ye guardian Spirits! Loves combined!  
Its brilliant court of Art defend!  
More costly than the halls of gold,  
The inner shrines of Thought unfold!

Life-visions cluster like a throng  
Of Angels at the opening scene;  
Come Music, with sweet harp and song,  
And Beauty weave bright flowers between  
The thrones of Hope and Love and Grief!  
Impart to Care some kind relief!



Bring fadeless wreaths of Poesy !  
Come Fiction ! dream-romancing train !  
Whom chaste Devotion smilingly  
Adorns with jewels of the brain ;  
Come joyous Peace, with all your band,  
With olive branches in each hand !

Light up the Soul with eyes of Love !  
Unmask Deception's subtle fold !  
Let Innocence uncage the Dove !  
Unmantle Mammon's gods of gold !  
And from the treasures God has given,  
Bestow some precious gift of Heaven !

May Discord blush to enter here  
With flowers of Slander's baneful wreath !  
Decoying roses of Despair,  
That grace carousals unto Death ;  
Their petals searching mists exhale,  
That poison whomsoe'er inhale !

Come gentle Amity and Grace,  
And sweet-tongued Favor, tone thy voice !  
Let Hope illumine every face,  
The welcome guests herein rejoice !  
Beyond the threshold may we find,  
The gems and coronets of Mind !

ROSEBUD-CINNAMON.

In Summer morn, a blush of dawn,  
Like an unsullied heart,  
'Neath Sun or Moon, a richer boon  
Than any work of Art;  
Without pretence gives no offence,  
A bud to bloom and bless;  
So humble one, as Cinnamon,  
Doth seldom more express.

## WEBSTER AND UNION.

COMPOSED PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

LET education crown mankind,  
The Nation's moral keeping be,  
The Union of the States entwined  
In bloom of fadeless Liberty !  
Each Freeman in his stout heart have  
A fortress that shall guard him aye,  
That sword and cannon dare not brave  
The strength of Man while Thrones decay !  
God's image still the people bear,  
Where all in Sovereign Union stand !  
The North and South one laurel wear,  
The East and West throughout this land !  
Our warmest praise to thee we give,  
For harmony and blest content,  
A warrantable pledge to live  
In civilized embellishment ;

And this thy wisdom hath secured,  
With manly shield and moral arms,  
Repelled the foe, and thus secured  
A priceless boon 'mid dread alarms !  
Defender of the Nation's Law,  
Whereon its patriot-authors stood,  
Thy manly majesty and awe  
Have calmed the wave of Faction's blood !  
Thy forecast blaze ! prophetic flame !  
Illumes thy prudent, bold career,  
And bids us hope our future fame  
Shall be the Name we now revere !  
Thy rustic birthplace loved by thee,  
Gives Salisbury fame all time to come ;  
There unborn sons of Liberty  
Will throng around thy Granite Home !  
Will talk thy statesman greatness o'er,  
Enriched with mem'ries of thy Name ;  
Impress mankind with wisdom's lore,  
That gives to thee such well-earned fame ;  
As 'mid the arts of orient flame,  
Bards drink at inspiration's well,  
So at the fountain of thy claim  
Will rival artists love to dwell :

Should this Republic crumble down  
Like ancient Greece, whose race is run,  
The nineteenth century's renown  
Will shine as bright as noonday's Sun ;  
'Threescore and ten !' still manhood's prime  
Is burning in his matchless eye,  
His words revealing what in time,  
Should seal our Sovereign Liberty !  
Fling banners out from all the peaks !  
Each Star as bright as Freedom's birth,  
Unstained, the glorious cluster speaks,  
WEBSTER AND UNION ROUND THE EARTH !

WE LIVE TO BLESS.

WHAT live we for, if not to bless ?

Some charm of life to lend ?

To ne'er receive one fond caress

From some deserving friend ?

Say, not that all our friends deceive,

Our trusting insecure ;

Since there are those who would relieve

From Care, whose hearts are pure.

' Not all are men who wear the form,'

As Avon's bard did tell ;

A few stout hearts dare brave the storm,

Who bear misfortunes well.

The native fount of joy's within  
Who on themselves depend ;  
Such live to bless, and ever win  
The favor of a friend.



THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

I ASK that not one hope shall fade,  
One shadow veil thy pure young brow,  
And pray that all thy life be made  
Like sinless pleasures passing now !

Oh ! could I know that life will prove  
One bright, unclouded, stormless sky,  
No mist of sorrow damp thy love,  
No shadows dim thine anxious eye !

Still I will pray that life with thee  
Both loved and loving purely flow,  
Like some smooth river, where we see  
The rarest flowers of brightest glow.

But when between its gilded beams,  
Thy cherished hopes like vapors play,  
And scatter like delusive dreams,  
That vanish in a thought away ;

Let not thy heart, so pure, despond !  
But bear life's changes, hoping still,  
There is a world unseen, beyond,  
Thy cup of happiness will fill !

## THE TWO HEARTS.

Two happy cherubs at the shrine,  
Looked smilingly round Love's domain ;  
And secretly, each said, I'm thine,  
Then swept their harps in tender strain.

What wooed thee here, thou blushing son ?  
Thy locks so wavy, eyes so bright !  
I've tried my arrows one by one —  
And now grown weary in your flight ?

Hast thou some pinion seen this way,  
Some dart escape my broken bow ?  
One fatal arrow seemed to stray,  
And fresh my wounded heart doth flow !

The rovers laid the quiver by,  
The broken bow and dart of stain,  
Delighted with their destiny,  
United by Devotion's chain.

They gambolled to a sylvan shade,  
Entwined with wreaths of oaken green,  
And happy as two hearts are made,  
The loving pair may yet be seen.

THE ROSE AND THE HEAD OF WHEAT.

R. — ITALIAN skies ne'er fairer shone

On bursting bud and bloom,

While fragrant flow'rets cheered the vale,

Unshaded e'er by gloom ;

Than on the arbor where I germed,

When Summer softly shone,

And bathed in sweetest dew my folds,

Until the rose had blown.

W. — The fair green hills and mountain swells,

New England's Eagle throne,

Where, nerved by Heaven, the arm of Man

Has builded Freedom's home,

Were palisadoes round my head

Among the thrifty grain,

And there I waved my lofty plume

To cope with rose's brain.

R. — Behold how firm my petals are,  
How bright my tints I ween,  
No sweeter flower can Beauty grace,  
No rival e'er was seen ;  
I bloom to deck the bridal hour,  
Or grace some trusty hand,  
If thou eclipse the rose's hue,  
Thy waving must be bland.

W. — More firm am I in spiral form,   ▲  
In every feature neat,  
The blushing rose I will oppose  
With head of bearded wheat ;  
For I too load the bridal board,  
And show myself discreet,  
Protector of my native hills,  
A sober head of wheat.

## SONG OF THE RUSTIC MAIDEN.

WRITTEN AT RINDGE, N. H.

My Favored home by gentle swells !  
Thy green ravines deep shading down,  
Bestir my heart to rapt'rous spells,  
Which love and Nature call their own.

Not gilded domes, nor rock-ribbed streets,  
Set off in narrow stinted lines,  
Nor smooth-cut marble, costly seats  
Of art, in cities hot confines ;

Nor princely coach of wealth untold,  
High mettled steeds so grandly roll ;  
Nor palaces of silk and gold,  
Can break the charm now sways my Soul.

Away from giddy clustering throngs,  
Where clouds of dust and smoke arise,  
To rural homes the joy belongs,  
That binds my heart with dearest ties.

'Tis sweet July, and pearl-eyed morn  
Drinks cups of dew from lips of flowers,  
Smiles through the silken rows of corn,  
And paints with green the fertile bowers.

'Tis sweet July, the summer rose  
Is blushing on the breast of Earth,  
By arbored cottage, where repose  
Is smiling in the lap of mirth.

In every bower I see a bloom,  
Where'er I turn God's smile I trace ;  
A healthful glow, dispelling gloom,  
Shines all around this rural place.



'Tis sweet July, Monadnoc's brow  
Is fanned with healthful mountain air,  
The queenly moon roves wooing now,  
And shines on many a plighted pair.

My home is full of melody,  
Of rippling streamlet, warbling bird,  
And zephyrs whispering tones of glee,  
By glen and glade and highland heard.

My rustic home delights my Soul,  
Begetting love of life the more ;  
Each fond emotion will control,  
Where Nature piles her fruitful store.

My rustic home ! it seems so true !  
Here I in childhood loved to stray,  
And those I loved are still in view ;  
I love my home the more to-day.

Bright as the morn is evening's glow,  
When herds lie down to welcome rest ;  
The little streams serenely flow ;  
Amid such scenes my life is blest.

Through sunny vales and forest hills  
Of singing birds I love to roam ;  
My heart with fervent feeling fills  
With gratitude to thee, my home.

Contented where the wild-flower thrives,  
With those to love me in my cares,  
My rustic home my heart revives ;  
Its ties grow stronger with my years.

## HOPE AND LOVE.

As crytals sparkle in the Sun,  
Or artificial light,  
Love's piercing eyes, ray, one by one,  
Flash in impassioned sight ;

Each cherished impulse, chain of thought,  
Each glance, a charmed spell ;  
Those warm heart-pleadings come unsought,  
In truest bosoms dwell.

Hast thou not seen the clouded sky  
Illumined by the Sun ?  
The gold-winged clouds, like phantoms fly ?  
Of vapor-tissues spun ?

Through drifting mists, the brilliant arch  
Of Beauty's blended bow ?  
Where Hope on wings of light doth perch,  
Inspiring hearts below ?

So Love through clouds of Care hath shone  
His cheering beams doth throw,  
Illumes the heart, his human throne !  
And forms his fadeless bow.

Whoever feels no conscious thrill,  
That Hope and Love impart,  
No cup of pleasure ere can fill  
That cold and hollow heart.

Love is the source of all things pure,  
And Hope is like the Sun ;  
When clouds of Sorrow joys obscure,  
They lead us cheerful on.

TO VENUS.

BLAZE on, thou brilliant Star of Eve !

On glen and woodland smiling !

Thy streaming light I gladly greet,

Thy virgin eye beguiling.

Alone I rove with joyous step,

To greet thy twilight beaming ;

The Earth looks lovely in thy light,

In robes of verdure dreaming.

Thy rays have silvered o'er the stream,

That flows so sweetly sounding,

Adown the fall, by fertile banks,

To ocean's hoarse resounding.

Bright mirror of thee, Star of Eve,  
Reflects thy beauty clearly;  
Celestial gem ! is thine the sphere,  
Where Spirits love so dearly ?

Blaze on, bright Queen ! thou favored one !  
Thine eye dilates with beaming ;  
Among thy sisters of the Night,  
Thy matchless rays are streaming.

Burn on ! along thy azure way !  
In swift declivous motion !  
Beyond the hills with silvery step,  
To light the western ocean !

AN APRIL SNOW STORM.

LET bards and lovers sigh and sing  
Of vernal Earth and gentle Spring,  
Still Nature moans through leafless boughs  
And frosted groves her cheerless vows.

No blushing blossoms grace the lawn,  
Nor birds with music hail the dawn,  
While eastern whirlwinds rudely blow,  
To clothe the frowning fields with snow.

The forest spires wear caps of white,  
Enrobed like ghosts of Winter's night ;  
And not one bud o'er all the plain,  
Returns with pleasant smile again.

I often dream of Summer bright,  
And Hope, in visions lends her light ;  
Our future joys, like visions fair,  
Melt oft as snow dissolves in air.

.

Man often dreams, inspired with zeal,  
And nerves, to shape his onward weal,  
His proud ambition still will be  
Controlled by unseen destiny.



THE PEASANT TO HIS BRIDE.

I WILL not sing in fulsome strain,  
To flatter lest it grieve me ;  
But gladly offer heart and brain,  
In pleasant task to please thee.

I see bright smiles in other eyes,  
Clasp other hands as firmly,  
But never feel such heav'nly ties  
As thou hast bound so warmly.

I live to make thy moments bright,  
Thy love shall be thy splendor,  
Thy wealth shall be thy virtue's light,  
My love be thy defender.

Thy prudence will forever prove  
A gem of sacred keeping ;  
And thus in harmony we 'll rove  
Through life, in Christian keeping.

But few are those, however kind,  
Whose life is unattended  
With painful little thorns of mind,  
With love and duty blended.

To pluck each thorn from life's fair rose  
And make thee happy ever,  
Will bind my heart in sweet repose  
To thine, to ne'er dissever.

Whate'er of happiness we crave,  
From life's bright morn till even,  
Oh may the Pearl that Christians have  
Secure us rest in Heaven !

## WINTER AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET frantic winds and driving snows,  
Moan round his humble dome,  
Contentment is his peaceful lot,  
Devotion to his home ;  
The fashion of the city life  
Decoys him not away ;  
The forest with his axe resounds,  
Thus happy glides the day.

At evening warms his iron brow  
Beside his brush-wood blaze,  
Calls round his healthy, laughing group,  
And hums his grateful lays ;  
His garners full, with plenty flow,  
The luxuries of life,  
Thus wiles away the winter hours  
In comfort with his wife.

## TWILIGHT COMMUNION WITH A SPIRIT GUARDIAN.

TWILIGHT brings its shadow dances,  
Gray spectres flitting all around,  
On each form my vision glances,  
Like grouping phantoms on the ground ;  
Fitful hour of recreation !  
The Sun on golden wings has flown !  
While in pleasant meditation,  
I roam devotion's hour alone.

Oft when tears steal out unbidden,  
Closed round with sombre shades of Night,  
When from all the world art hidden,  
And to my Soul there comes no light,  
Evening's sibyls have known voices,  
Whispering hope, in zephyr-tone,  
With the loved my heart rejoices,  
When roaming, Spirit-Friend, alone !

When cares cluster round my station,  
Then would I make my heart thy throne !  
Aiding through each life-relation,  
Tear not thy Spirit from mine own !  
Should Life's storm burst coldly o'er me,  
Its fearful conflicts threat control,  
Be thou guardian ever near me,  
'T will give fresh courage to my Soul !

Thou to me seem not a stranger,  
Oft in dreams one loved watched o'er me,  
Mid the Ocean's wildest danger,  
Whose heart still warmly beats in thee ;  
'T were as if our childhood cherished  
One genial impulse close entwined,  
Darling hopes have coldly perished,  
While thy fond Spirit sways the Mind.

Say not 't is a dream of fancy !  
Suited to life's fickle pleasure !  
'T is the heart revealing to thee,  
Now its cherished idol-treasure ;

Art can never coin emotions,  
Alike those germinating in the heart,  
Pulses beat from pure devotions,  
That ne'er can feign Deception's part.

Let others strive with wealth to buy  
The butterflies of Fashion frail,  
Whose gilded tissues aid to fly  
From flow'r to flow'r, Life's sunny vale ;  
Their restless, fleeting, changeful life,  
Fade when the Summer Suns do cease,  
They flit through transient Beauty's strife,  
And in some cobweb find release.

I know hopes vanish, friends depart,  
That Time escapes with joys and fears,  
But still thine image on my heart  
The same sweet smile forever wears  
While in Life, whate'er betide me,  
Until my pluming Spirit's flown,  
Guardian be thou ever near me,  
And I shall never be alone !

Still I watch ! the Star of even  
    Glows brighter in the darker night !  
Like a pendent lamp of Heaven  
    It pours its streaming rays of light !  
Thus, when the night of years o'erspread,  
    Like yon pure Star, diviner glow  
In heaven of thought, serenely shed  
    Thy cheering rays of love below !

Some unfading chaplet twine me !  
    A wreath of hopes around my brow !  
Come in Spirit, as I view thee,  
    As in communion greet me now !  
But if friendless, Oh ! forget not  
    The hopeful smiles we now bestow !  
Let Memory arch one changeless spot,  
    Through which the streams of Life may flow !

‘FEAR NOT, IT IS I.’

THE spirits of Darkness and the spirits of Storm,  
Hung out from the heavens the shroud of Dismay ;  
And Hope had enveloped her beautiful form,  
In war-drifting elements, weeping for day.

The surf of the waters curled madly on high,  
A shell of Disciples was breasting the sea ;  
The King of the Tempest went menacing by,  
And his storm-feathered wings swept o'er Galilee.

How saddened those hearts, all nestled in one !  
All blackness and dampness commingling with fear ;  
The Day Star ! the Twilight ! the bright-gilding Sun !  
They thought would but smile on their sea-drifting  
bier !



A FORM on the water ! all frantic they cry —  
The light of a COUNTENANCE silvered the air !  
Moved calmly toward them ! ' Fear not, it is I !'  
And the Storm had dissolved, for JESUS was there !

## THE UNSEEN REAL.

THERE is in darkness latent light,  
And in the iceberg hidden fires;  
And so in Thought a secret sight,  
And in the Heart concealed desires.

Although the outward Man seem dark,  
Cold the external may appear,  
Still in the Soul 's a vital spark,  
A warmth that may the frozen cheer !

The seed is latent in its shell,  
That damp beneath the soil is cast ;  
The Eagle in its branches dwell !  
The giant oak defies the blast !

The silent laws of Nature's arts,  
That pile up mountains unperceived,  
Are most harmonious in their parts,  
And will progress as God conceived !

The subtle fluid in the cloud  
Condenses all its dreadful ire,  
But rousing in its thunder-shroud,  
It shakes in wrath its arms of fire.

The Mind in Man ! who knows it not ?  
Though undefined all unseen lay —  
Insoluble diamond ! so wrought,  
Eternal use brings no decay !

The eye discerns no innate sense,  
That throbs impulsive in the Mind,  
Whence Faith sends up its pure incense,  
The Soul its conscious Heaven doth find.

The germing buds and serried stone,  
Jellied marl, swift rushing river,  
From tropic belt to polar zone,  
To Man have proved mysterious ever.

The little flowering cups of Earth,  
That drink the silent dew of Night,  
How wonderful they spring to birth !  
And bloom to beautify the sight !

The Summer zephyrs charm the day,  
With sibyl's soft, prophetic sigh ;  
On fairy-wing they fragrant stray,  
And fill Earth's bowers with melody.

The slowly winding, weaving worm,  
Its silken chrysalis doth sling,  
Twines in its shroud its torpid form,  
In brightest sunshine of its spring ;

Concealed within its lonely cell,  
Transformed into a purer thing,  
Comes forth to live its gilded spell,  
On beautiful and restless wing.

Beyond the reach of mortal Art,  
Impervious to mental sight,  
Earth's viewless, noiseless, myst'ries start  
Their countless vital forms to Light.

Beyond this World those grander spheres,  
Bright Stars ! pale Moon ! and Central Sun !  
The Heaven that so sublime appears,  
Shine from the radiant unseen One !

What dazzling focus streams such Light !  
How Heaven transplendently doth shine !  
Now Faith looks up with spirit-sight,  
All conscious of a Power Divine !

### CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

GAZE, where the Mount of Olives teemed,  
With spreading branches overhung,  
The way with garlands fitly strewn !  
And men their loud hosannas sung !  
Alas ! we startle back with fear,  
He walketh not in meekness there !

In sad and dark Gethsemane,  
Where, overcome with sorrow deep,  
With loved disciples, worn with care,  
Soft folded in the arms of sleep !  
In vain we list for accents there,  
He bends no more in anxious prayer !

Bend o'er the Damsel's slumb'ring form,  
Where Death had plucked the snow-white flower,  
Bedewed with tears of weeping friends,  
Who faithless scorned the Saviour's power !  
Lo ! where new life was flowing in,  
The Saviour there no more is seen !

Go stand by Lazarus' ancient grave,  
(Where Mary knelt at Jesus' feet !)  
Where he dissolving back to dust,  
Walked forth in Life ! the Lord to meet !  
Gaze not in tears that grave around !  
The Saviour there cannot be found.

Seek not among those ancient piles  
Of fretted domes embossed with gold !  
The wealth of old Jerusalem !  
Within those massive walls of old,  
Which He foretold should be o'erthrown,  
Nor stone should there be left on stone.

No more amid that cherished band,  
Nor where the stoic crowd was seen,  
The cry ' How oft Jerusalem  
Would ye to Me have gathered been !'  
Is heard, in love, from that blest Lamb,  
Whose birthplace was in Bethlehem !

Turn to the Cross at Calvary !  
Deep stained with crimson-flowing streams !  
Above the tumult of that scene  
Catch glimpses where the lightning gleams !  
Loud thunders rattle ! mountains rock !  
And Saints are raised amid Earth's shock !

Above that crowd of mocking men,  
Whose imprecations vile defy  
The Son of God to save himself !  
Or feel their deadly malady !  
Lo ! on the Cross of purple dye,  
The Lamb is nailed in agony !



## THE SOUL.

A FOUNTAIN of unnumbered rills,  
By pleasure flows, by sadness chills ;  
This fountain has its rise on High,  
And swift as Time is sweeping by ;  
The Soul ! the Soul ! can never die !

A stream, that pours along the shore  
Of Time, in calm, in tempest's roar  
Unceasing flows, as ages fly ;  
Its heavenly Spring will never dry ;  
The tireless Soul will never die !

A shoreless ocean ! dashing on.  
To all Eternity ! anon ;

Its tireless echoes give reply,  
Exhaustless emanates on high, —  
The Conscious Soul will never die.

Spring opens — now both bud and bloom,  
Smile far away the days of gloom ;  
Here birds that sing enraptured fly,  
And blooming flowers must with'ring lie, —  
But oh ! the Soul will never die !

Now Summer breathes soft o'er the Earth,  
And sweeps sweet harps of song and mirth,  
And music-strains come swelling by  
As Pleasure's moments sweetly fly,  
To charm the Soul that ne'er will die.

Now golden Autumn gilds the air,  
Distilling fragrance everywhere ;  
Her mellow fruits profusely lie ;  
All must decay ! hear Nature sigh, —  
But oh ! the Soul will never die !

Old Winter binds with icy bands  
The rills that rippled through the lands ;  
Thus will stern Death relentless hie .  
To bind his bands on you and I, —  
But oh ! the Soul will never die !

The Fountain ! Stream and Ocean cry,  
Bright Spring and Summer fleeting by,  
Pale Autumn breathes her ling'ring sigh,  
And Winter gives a stern reply, —  
The Soul is deathless ! cannot die !

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER SAMUEL.

He's clasped in Death's embrace, in cold, relentless  
arms,

And crushed are all his hopes of Earth and earthly  
charms ;

The dread Destroyer knows no bounds to human woe,  
He breaks the dearest tie to claim the debt we owe ;  
Oh Earth ! and earthly grandeur ! where are thy  
fondest claims ?

The only tie that binds, binds to his cold remains !

The breath that gave his Spirit up,

I heard not when 't was given ;

His last fond smile, I saw it not,

That spoke his hope of Heaven !

Dear Brother! dear departed one!

Where, where doth thy Spirit roam?

Oh! answer in thy Spirit-Voice!

From Heaven! thy changeless Home!

Of what avail is toil in Wisdom's flowery way,

When fell Consumption marks the manly form of  
clay?

'T was but a flower that Death snatched for his garland  
fair,

That in valley dark himself delights to wear;

'T were not in human power to bring him back to  
Earth,

Dust turns to Dust again, from whence it had its birth!

I could not see him when he died!

Nor dreamed of such a change!

The scene around his dying bed,

All, all to me are strange!

Companion of my early hours

From Earth forever riven,

I cannot give thy Spirit up!

It brings me nearer Heaven!

Upon thy early grave I drop affection's tear,  
Nor wish to call thee back to deeper suffering here ;  
I saw not when they laid thee within thy silent home,  
It were not thus that I should follow to thy tomb ;  
The solace left for all, the rapture which we feel —  
Flows in thy dying words, ' O God, it is Thy Will ! '

Dear brother, thou art torn from us  
By God's controlling hand,  
In this affliction we submit  
To His all-wise demand ;  
Again, Oh ! may our Souls unite,  
And may the hope be given,  
When we resign our Spirits up,  
To love thee more in Heaven !

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Oh! how I love to trace  
The walks where once before  
Our willing feet have strayed!  
Still thou art there no more.

And now I love to think  
Of thy sweet voice and smile;  
Thyself in memory typed,  
Without one glance of guile.

And oh! what passions swell,  
To think of friends who loved;  
And how thy blush revealed  
What true devotion proved.

I sit and watch at even,  
To greet thee at the door ;  
As thou didst fondly come,  
I see thee, as before.

I listen at the lattice  
To hear thy gentle tone —  
And hear thee sweetly singing,  
As oft thou didst, alone.

Along the garden walks  
I twine thee wreathlets now ;  
Alas ! there comes no Mary  
To wear them on her brow !

I frequent the green slope  
Wherein thy casket lay ;  
The flowers are fresh in bloom  
Above thy silent clay.



I think of thy warm heart,  
Bright eyes and tranquil brow.  
So full of love, so young !  
As voiceless marble now.

Oh ! may the yearly rose  
Bloom sweetly o'er thy breast !  
Dear sister in repose,  
In cold but tearless rest.

Thou livest in my heart,  
As in the spirit-land ;  
I feel thy tender touch,  
And clasp thy spirit hand.

We love thy memory e'er ;  
And oft with pleasure tell  
How fond our thoughts of thee —  
Thou ever charming spell.

IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

OH ! where art thou, our cherished one ?  
Fond parent of our social band ?  
The echo, like a tone of thine,  
Speaks softly, ' In the Spirit-Land ! '

When those we long have known at Home  
Come round to clasp the friendly hand,  
We speak of thee with joy, and say  
He 's happy in the Spirit-Land.

A grateful tribute now we pay —  
The remnant of our broken band,  
Who live in love, and hope and pray  
To meet thee in the Spirit-Land !

### A SISTER'S GRIEF.

THE sweet, plaintive song of a sister is heard  
Like notes of distress from a young mated bird ;  
They blend on the ear with a sad, soothing thrill,  
Those sighs for a loved one whose life-pulse is still.  
How deep is that grief which gushing doth flow  
And moistens the turf o'er a brother laid low ;  
Oh ! pine not again, since his spirit is given  
To keep thee in union with angels and heaven.

Our friends come and go-like sweet blooming flowers,  
They spring from the buds of life's fleeting hours ;  
We see them expanding in hope and in care,  
Then pass like a vapor in heavenly air,  
We cling to those friends like the life-teeming vine,  
Through life and in death with a feeling divine ;  
And smile on the false ones who thrive like a thorn,  
Protecting the germs till the roses are gone.

Our time is too fleeting, too soon it is passed,  
And what is most lovely 's too precious to last ;  
And life ! what is that ? like some chrysalis bright,  
Whose tie-woven tissues of friends please the sight,  
Which the fingers of Time most busily weave  
To prison our minds with the sense they receive ;  
The ice-touch of Death doth the Spirit expand,  
And the immortal flits to the bright spirit-land.

## OUR BROTHER.

Composed on hearing of the loss of J. W. Somerby, who fell from the flying jibboom of the ship Southern Cross, at midnight, near San Francisco.

WHAT sorrows now the living veil,  
Giving each word and look a tone  
Of sadness; teaching us how frail  
Forms leave earth's threshold, one by one.

As if some darling prop let down,  
And with it transient joys are fled;  
Oh, weave of friendship's flowers a crown,  
For him — our brother — he is dead!

Departed! all this world looks drear;  
Thoughts but visions of the other!  
And hope's left blindly groping here,  
Among earth's fleeting views, dear brother.

The household gloom — thy vacant seat —  
We cannot fill it with another !  
Still in our heart's low chambers beat  
The pleasant memories of our brother.

We would not keep this bosomed grief  
Pent up with mingling hopes and fears ;  
The heart demanded some relief —  
'Tis manly now to yield to tears.

Each tear is freighted with our love ;  
We fain would shed them on his brow,  
Or send them by some angel-dove,  
To mingle with the ocean now.

And we would send them one by one ;  
Make diadems 'mid ocean's wave,  
To glitter in each setting sun,  
Upon his deep pearl water grave.

So sweetly sleep in ocean's bed,  
    Within its cell of shells and flowers —  
Till the 'deep sea gives up its dead,'  
    To live and love in heavenly bowers.

Where midnight hangs her starry shroud,  
    By angel vigils woven there,  
And coral wave-lips kiss the cloud,  
    Our kindred spirits will repair.

Strong as the ocean's throb our love —  
    The pulse 'our Heavenly Father's' given  
Will not grow dull while He approve ;  
    Oh, make us spirit-heirs of Heaven !

## THE DYING BOY.

TO THE BEREAVED PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. F.

‘Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’

SCARCE seven springs of childhood —  
Those bright and dreamy days, —  
Had dawned upon his intellect,  
When Death had quenched its rays.

‘I’m dying, mother!’ was his look,  
As near her heart he lay —  
‘I’m dying mother!’ and he raised  
His little hands to pray.



He softly uttered, in repose,  
    ‘The Sabbath School — mamma !  
I’m praying unto Jesus now,  
    For you and dear papa !’

And then his look of earnestness,  
    As though his mates were there ;  
Inviting them to Jesus’ arms —  
    The burden of his prayer.

Oh, tell me not he could not see  
    The Saviour standing there !  
When from his eye of hopeful glance  
    Smiled confidential prayer !

But yestermorn he playful chased  
    Bright butterflys through air ;  
And ere a day had sped away,  
    Was dying, and in prayer !

A fairer blossom seldom blows,  
More ruddy form of health !  
Your only child ! your fondest hope !  
Your idol son, and wealth !

God takes such idol diamonds from  
The caskets He has given !  
That we may strive the more to win  
Them back again, in Heaven !

### THE BELLE OF DEATH.

THE mother held her frenzied boy,  
Whose eyes were strangely wild ;  
He startled, raised his pallid face,  
And sobbing 'bilo,' sweetly smiled.

As tender as a lily cup,  
Unfolding to the vital air ;  
And while he smiled, Death's frosty hand  
Reached forth to snap the form so fair.

Reposing in the mother's arm,  
Her fondest look of love was given,  
In agony her babe she kissed, —  
A parting kiss, from Earth to Heaven !

Most like a dream in transport wild,  
Most softly breathed a parting breath ;  
The mother strove to wake her child,  
It was the lily belle of Death !

BENEATH THE CEDAR TREE.

WHEN drops twilight, the lamps of night  
O'er singing brook and shady grove ;  
O! meet me 'neath their trembling light !  
The friend I would most fondly love !

With notes as sweet as silver-ring,  
Life's love-toned harp, O, sweep for me !  
Where dew-plants spring, at eve we'll sing,  
Beneath the chosen cedar tree.

'Tis joyous, at the close of day,  
When Autumn's passing pleasantly,  
To hither stray, from care away,  
Beneath the fadeless cedar tree.

The rose geranium sprigs I'll bind,  
And pure ambrosia wreaths for thee,  
With yellow violets intertwined,  
Beneath the fadeless cedar tree.

Ah ! bring me not the sad harebell !  
I'd rather have the hawthorn now ;  
Let not zinnia break the spell,  
But take the fuchsia for thy brow !

Will meet thee there ! who cherished be,  
Since life is but a changeful hour ;  
And plant with thee, 'neath spreading tree,  
The heliotrope for pleasure's bower !

Will meet me ? ere the twilight come !  
And watch the flickering sun-rays flee ?  
And view the stars come, one by one,  
To twinkle through the cedar tree ?

Thus sang an ardent swain to one  
He vowed to love most tenderly ;  
And ere the sun's last rays had flown,  
They met beneath the cedar tree.

She wore the tokens of his love,  
And there she vowed his bride to be ;  
But Death the holy tie unwove —  
Her grave's beneath the cedar tree.

There oft, when comes the dim twilight,  
O'er brook and grove their spirits be ;  
On her green grave, in starry light,  
He weeps beneath the cedar tree.

## THE YOUTHFUL SAILOR.

A SMILE played o'er his youthful brow,  
And pensive was the ray,  
When passed the pleasant words,  
Good bye, 'Dear brother, stay!'

He parted with a tearful smile,  
The word 'Cast off!' was given;  
Brother, good bye! 'We hope to meet,'  
Responded he, 'in Heaven!'

No changes ever can efface  
Such mem'ries of the past;  
I saw him from the vessel's shroud,  
Look back! that gaze will last!



Thought wanders oft around the globe,  
And asks where now is he ?  
He slumbers near Sumatra's Isle,  
Beneath the tropic sea.

Affection's tear for him will flow,  
The daring sailor, loved ;  
His sad ' Good bye ' rings in the ear,  
By love's pure impulse moved.

But not in vain we mourn for him,  
So sweetly slumbering there,  
Where sea-flowers weave a winding-sheet,  
And pearls compose his bier.

Our mem'ries mingle still with thine,  
Thy joy is most replete ;  
From ocean's treasure oft we turn,  
Thy Soul in Heaven to greet !

LINES TO A DESPONDING MOTHER.

DEAL kindly, Hope ! bring angel charms  
To her desponding in thine arms !  
One beauteous flower her bosom dressed,  
By pure devotion's lips impressed ;  
Death plucked the rose ! Some balm impart !  
And tear this sorrow from her heart !  
Her life is dark with cold alloys,  
That oft the firmest nerve destroys ;  
Her babe most dear in promise given,  
Escaped the Earth and flown to Heaven !  
Such little loves of genial birth  
Are cherubs that adorn the Earth ;  
Like flowers whose tints delight the eye  
With exhalations freight the sky,  
In blush and beauty pass away,  
Their honeyed lips close in decay,

And fragrant wreaths of chaplets green  
Around their early graves are seen ;  
Hope paint thy bow within her Soul !  
And o'er her sadness keep control !

TO A WIDOWED MOTHER.

Who leaneth on that sculptured stone,  
Where the green grass is growing wild ?  
A widow-mother, and alone,  
At the grave of her worshiped child.

Like a fair rose, that 'mid the storm  
Had kept its bloom, till most in prime ;  
While latent in that manly form,  
Lay coiled the canker-worm of time.

His hopes had brightened like the Sun,  
Till poised above life's central line ;  
The while its brilliancy begun,  
A cloud obscured its swift decline.

Who sleepeth there ? another tone  
Sighs lonely through the gloom-filled air ;  
An elder sister pressed the stone  
That record bears, who slumbers there.

She could not bear embosomed grief,  
Nor check the fount of bitter flow ;  
She wept ! and prayed ! found no relief !  
The charm of life was cold below !

United by love's unseen power,  
Her own matured a deathless flame !  
She faded like the summer flower,  
That yearly blooms above her name.

There, side by side, dear sleepers now,  
The hopes of thee but yesterday,  
Cast heavy shadows on thy brow,  
That teach how frail are forms of clay.

When mem'ry starts affection's tears,  
Forget not such dear hopes are given  
To light thee through declining years,  
To reunite with them in Heaven !

## THE MYSTIC.

WITHIN a grove, by rustic homes,  
Beside Penobscot's stream,  
A throng, at twilight-moments, gazed  
On sunset's ling'ring beam.

A festive gathering was prepared,  
The guests were bidden come !  
To join an evening pleasure-scene  
Within a floral home.

The Sun strayed o'er the western hills,  
Around, the cloudless sky  
Was mantled o'er with purple rays,  
That fixed each gazing eye.

The bronzed and pearl-like azure robe,  
O'erarched the forest green,  
Gleamed brightly through the changeless pines,  
Their shadows gemmed between.

Across the green sward, beauteous forms  
From pleasant homes did stray;  
'Mid sweet perfumes of rosy June,  
The cooling balm of day.

Light with joy, in ruddy youth,  
They strewed fresh garlands there;  
Nor kenned the spot, whence startling sounds  
Rang out upon the air!

Above the cricket's cheerful note,  
An echo of despair,  
Along the sylvan slopes and vales,  
Disturbed the peaceful fair.



As sweet re-union wreathed their thoughts  
In social ties again,  
An Indian shriek most sternly bade  
Them on the spot remain !

Reflected in the silent wave,  
As twilight veiled the sky,  
Thus briefly spoke — a fearful stare  
Flashed from his burning eye.

‘ Penobscot ! on thy wave-worn shores,  
Our native treasures lie ! ’  
He knelt and breathed a silent prayer,  
In fervor gazed on high.

He gazed above, he gazed below,  
Around he wildly gazed !  
Alone, he turned with pensive sobs,  
’Mid those who stood amazed.

As though the 'war-whoop' of his sires,  
Full-armored from their graves,  
Through silent glens sonorous swelled,  
Then died in distant caves.

With long hair flowing dark and gray,  
He, panting, stood for breath;  
His eyes were sunk, and on his brow  
Was set the seal of Death.

The MYSTIC, from that lowland glade,  
The latest sunbeam viewed;  
Stern child of romance, frenzied, gazed  
Among the garlands strewed.

Two listful maids in wonder stood,  
With pitying eyes did dwell!  
The while, they feared to quit the spot,  
Held by some magic spell.

As often throbs some aching pulse,  
To do what scarce is known,  
As in some dream we dare to brave  
Some feat of great renown ;

Alike some timid guileless youth,  
Who sports some pleasing toy,  
Resigns it at some sudden noise,  
That threatens to destroy ;

Or, as in dreams, enamored by  
Some joy, the bosom throws,  
We dream of being waked, to clasp  
Some thorn within the rose ;

So they submitted to the power,  
That sways the changing will,  
Unmindful what the closing scene  
Would bring, of good or ill.

They broke the silence, for relief,  
Unbidden did remain ;  
To learn from whence the stranger fled,  
Then to their joys again.

## SONG OF THE MAIDENS.

' The moon has lit Katahdin's top,  
And we are bidden where  
Our song of Nature's rural charms  
Would fain bid thee repair.

' Steep rocks the mountain-pass o'erhangs ;  
Their shattered summits bear  
The moss of many centuries,  
Amid the upper air.

' There Nature's Artist sculptured deep,  
The mountain granite stone,  
In hieroglyphic characters,  
The age of Time alone.

‘ Behold, among our cottage homes,  
The trembling starlight’s glow  
Is softened by the “ Northern lights,”  
Upstreaming from below.

‘ The eve is clear, the fair Earth sleeps  
Within her robes of green ;  
The moon, her queenly course keeps on,  
And silvers o’er the stream.

‘ The cedars, pure, embalm the breeze,  
That wafts our song to thee ;  
Come with us, mournful Wanderer !  
Our number shall be three ! ’

. . . . .

His frenzied eye, his wizzard tone  
Enchained the generous guest ;  
They silent stood, in pensive mood, —  
The Red man’s lone request.

Around his waist a deer-skin hung ;  
His brown and bony frame,  
Upraised among the forest pines,  
To tell them whence he came.

Then raised his voice, in thrilling tone,  
His descant thus began :  
' Alas ! the plaintive tale of wrongs !  
The deeds of vengeful man !

' A pastoral life, in fearless tribes,  
We led with bow and spear ;  
And through the tangled forest chased  
The fleetest mountain deer.

' From highland rocks to lowland streams,  
Through glens and forest's shade,  
We plucked the rose of early morn,  
And evening rambles made.

‘ To one “ Great Spirit ” here we bowed,  
    Within our wigwam home ;  
And sang our native melodies  
    With whom we loved to roam.

‘ Our morning whoop canorous rang,  
    Delightsome, through the wood ;  
Our infant ones, attuned to bliss,  
    Sang with the warbling brood.

‘ Whose mellow cadence sweetly thrilled,  
    Through cool ravines and bowers ;  
Where cedars bud, and myrtle twines  
    ‘Mid amaranthine flowers.

‘ The sun-dawn of our peaceful camps,  
    Dispelled each waking fear ;  
The morn in golden sunlight smiled  
    On all who hunted here.

‘What honeyed tones, from yonder bower !

Our loved one’s floral dome —

Inspiring, from from isles of shade,

Invite thee to their home !

‘Come hie with us, to dearer friends !

And there renew thy strain ;

Then tell us o’er life’s chequered scene,

And whence the Stranger came.’

---

The tim’rous maidens, wistful, turned

Toward their fav’rite cot ;

When, lo ! the errant Traveller’s gaze

Had sealed them to the spot !

‘Oh sorrow not,’ they tearful spake,

‘Since life is but a span ;’

‘But mine, alas ! is lengthened out

By deeds of cruel man.’

He sped with them adown the glade,

Unfolding to their view

A pleasure shrine — their rosary bed —

Gemmed with the evening dew.



Two gallant blades rushed forth to clasp  
The maidens in the chase ;  
Demanding whence the Wizzard came,  
With red and haggard face.

He shook aloft his grisly arms,  
Thrusting himself between ;  
Exclaiming, ' I'm the forest's Son !  
A sufferer long have been ! '

Like marble forms, they silent gazed,  
And chilled amid the flame  
That flashed, like fire-light, from the eyes  
Of him, who, mystic, came.

Then turning tow'rd the festal throng,  
With looks of wrongful doom,  
The Relic of an ancient race,  
Renewed his strain of gloom :

' With bows and arrows forth we sprang,  
To hunt these mountains o'er ;  
And in our little birch canoes  
Sailed down our peaceful shore.

‘ And when declining sunset tints  
    Illumed yon cloud-plumed mounts,  
Whence sparkling little streamlets gush,  
    Pellucid from their founts ;

‘ We clustered round our crackling fires,  
    Beside our Indian home ;  
In native pride each of the tribe  
    Sang songs of rest to come.

‘ Then careless, on the grass-green earth,  
    From Nature’s rich bequest,  
Around we seated, to partake  
    The wild-game, Indian feast.

‘ Nature’s music sweetly chimed,  
    Our charm of solitude ;  
And evening’s soft attentive ear  
    Attuned the chorus of the wood.

‘ No doors were locked in iron fasts ;  
    Our rude-reared tents were free ;  
No fear of plunder banished rest  
    From shrines of Liberty !

‘ Here we loved ! as haply blest  
As sons of God could be ;  
Ere Saxon blood rolled in a tide  
Of death and misery.

‘ But strangers came, with bolt and flame,  
And thundered ’long our shore ;  
Our fathers fell, their mournful knell  
Has echoed, — Peace, no more !

‘ And now, exiled from native wild,  
We ’re wrapt in shrouds of gloom ;  
Here chieftains bled ; and those who fled  
Must meet a common doom !

‘ Oh God ! yon mountain rising o’er  
This smooth descending glade,  
Along the vale our fathers trod,  
Now throws its solemn shade !

‘ I see the avalanche dash down  
Yon mountain’s flinty side !  
I feel the avalanche of Death,  
That breaks my Spirit’s pride !

' Our shrines demolished ! lonely ! left !  
To brave life's scornful blast !  
To drag a drear existence out !  
On passion's billows cast !

' Once more, the war-whoop ! manly cry !  
Once more, with bow and spear,  
Throughout my native woodlands chase  
The fox and mountain deer !

' On ! on ! I seek the mountain bleak !  
My bow ! my spear ! take flight !'  
Then sped among the mountain cliffs,  
The Mystic of the night !

---

Farewell ! no marble rears  
In grandeur high,  
To tell thee where  
The lowly Indians lie ;  
No costly tabula,  
Of deep-cut lines,  
Speaks forth their praise,  
Reared o'er their close confines ;

No sarcophagus bears  
    Their humble name ;  
No generous scribe  
    Gives to the world their fame.  
Farewell ! they slumber in  
    The silent dust,  
With gnawing worms,  
    Amid their cank'ring rust !  
And, only o'er their forms,  
    Shall bloom the rose,  
In perfumed air,  
    To point to their repose ;  
The twining grass weaves o'er  
    Their slumb'ring breast,  
A winding sheet —  
    To keep unbroken rest.  
They sleep within the hills,  
    In every dell,  
By every stream —  
    Poor Indians ! — farewell !











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